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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE ESQUIRE TURNS FIFTY

THIS 1983 marks the 50th anniversary year, and to celebrate we've planned a series of special events for our pages. The first is this issue's cover story, "The Best Detective Featurements of All Time" (page 54), in which we present the highlights of the low points of twenty-one years. Next, in the February issue, we'll introduce a section called *The Esquire Review*. The Review will incorporate our film and music sections, which appeared quarterly, into a monthly section that will also cover video and books and will report on both the creative and the business sides of these fields as the quarters do. Our aim is to furnish readers with some timely and even extraordinary coverage of these areas that we have in the past. In March another monthly section will be inaugurated called *The New America*, which will highlight the movements in thinking and technology that are changing the way we live.

The big news for 1983 is that we'll publish two special issues as part of our 50th anniversary celebration. In June a collection issue entitled *How My Land* will offer the best of Esquire's past writing on the experience of the American people over the last 50 years. It will be a truly extraordinary chronicle of American life from the Thirties to the Eighties as seen through the eyes of such stars as Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, E. L. Rieu, Nicholas Ray, Ralph Ellison, William Styron, Norman Mailer, Gary Shteyn, Gary Miller, John Deane, Sam Deighton, Tom Wolfe and many more. Our second special issue, to be published in December, will be Esquire's official golden anniversary issue. It will celebrate the extraordinary efforts of a team of fifty of America's very best writers, who have taken on the task of celebrating America's last fifty years in an unprecedented fashion. This is a year of Esquire not to be missed.

THIS MONTH'S issue includes a compelling Documentary entitled "The War Players" (page 60), in which Jerrold L.



Schecter, our Washington editor, and Lewis P. Schecter take us inside America's ongoing war-planning effort. Central to this process are the men who devote possible military enterprises—such as the invasion of Panama—to the perceived threat of Soviet aggression. The Schecters, who have dubbed the group the War Players, identify the key players of successive administrations, describe the ground rules of both sides, and detail the development of strategy over the past twenty years. In a time of renewed concern over the U.S.-Soviet relationship, this powerful but true profile of Washington group deserves our attention and interest.

The Schecters' article, available for its thoroughness and wealth of information, is the result of years of firsthand observation. Jerrold Schecter, who was Vice Tokyo Bureau Chief for the four years (1964-68) serving Moscow bureau chief (1969-70), wrote *How Russia* (1971-72), and diplomatic editor (1973-77), and then joined the Carter administration as associate White House press secretary and spokesman for the National Security Council (1977-80). The Schecters and their children wrote an account of their Russian experience, entitled *An American Family in Moscow*, which was published by Little, Brown.

Various magazines, including *Esquire*, over twenty years ago. In 1968 Morgan was trying to become press secretary to Mayor John Lindsay of New York. In the mid-Seventies, Morgan was a staff of *The Village Voice*, and in 1977 he founded *Public*, which was published by *Esquire*, which was followed by some 150 articles in the mid-Seventies.

On the higher side, it is an article by Peter N. Nelson on the career of the group, which takes place primarily in *Latin Times* (New York, 1970), (page 62). Nelson's approach to this genre of fiction, technique, and concentration is humanistic and enlightening. A graduate of the University of Iowa, Nelson, Washington, Nelson also wrote "Letters to the Real World," which appeared in our October 1982 issue.

WE ARE and to report the death of Fredric A. Remington on August 28, 1982. Remington was editor of *Esquire* from 1953 to 1957.

Enjoy this month's issue—and every issue throughout our 50th-anniversary year. —Philip Morris

LETTERS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

RICH WORDS AND INSIGHTS

THANK YOU, *Esquire*, and thank you, *Charm Peck*, for the words and insights into one of our most talented artists—Barbara Stinson (Barbara Stinson and Charm Peck, *Esquire* Film Quarterly, October).

After years of strictly interviews and photo results type, it took a writer of Peck's intelligence and integrity to finally discover a woman, artist, who is just trying to be the best she can be at her craft. Stinson's ascending determination to excel is to be admired. Her choice to keep her personal life private is to be respected.

Susan Samuels
Los Angeles, Calif.

NITE ONLY was I thoroughly thrilled to see Barbara Stinson's last great year. October cover. I was excited to see the more often than *Charm Peck* covered the interview of the year. How clever, *Esquire*, to bring two talents that complement each other—the writer who writes with intense feelings from the heart and soul and the actress who is a confident performer, from her heart and soul, of a writer's thoughts.

Susan Lynn Moore
Orlando, Fla.

STREISAND STORIES are always enlightening, and "Stinson" looks at Stinson as even more fascinating. The grace of Peck's article was not so much in what he said as in his reporting style: it was both a close-up and a hands-off profile of a complex performer who insists the world remain at a distance. I think the public, ultimately, will never know her.

James Kinnean
Santa Ana, Calif.

YOUR OCTOBER issue, featuring a picture of Stinson on the cover, was a pleasant surprise for this reader. It is a rare treat to gain some insight into Barbara, whose remarkable interviews are few.

Michael J. Sappert
St. Louis, Mo.

GIVING CREDIT

I READ Laurence Stinson's article "Flash and Blot" (October) with a great deal of personal interest. I spent my last night months as a prosecutor waiting on the John Youngman case, and throughout

that time I worked with policemen from the "Narcotics World." These men were neither mechanical nor docile, and without their countless months of investigation it would have been impossible to bring this case to trial. The men must deserve to be mentioned. They are the New York State Police investigators: John Harbo, Michael Snel, and Bruce Gordin and chief district attorney investigator Lawrence G. Mermel.

It was the work of these men and many others that finally cracked the veil of silence that enshrouded this thirty-year case. These men spent almost one year dealing on a daily basis with the various people who would finally fit together a criminal prosecution. These are the men who flew with me in airplanes, drove through the woods in a four-wheel-drive jeep, and literally turned over rocks in search of credible evidence.

Their investigation in a search of credit could make a full-length story. Certainly no account of John Youngman can be complete without giving these men the notice they deserve.

Francis D. Phillips Jr.
Monroe, N.Y.

MASTER OF LETTERS

I AM still chuckling over Peter N. Nelson's painfully hilarious and desperate letters of supplication ("Letters to the Real World," October).

As a former college teacher—Bologna, and the need to not regularly turned into a mere subject matter to a less satisfying but more lucrative job in business—I find (and laugh) over such letters.

I'm still sending out résumés and, like Nelson, hoping to gain each letter to that school's file. If only I could let it go so gracefully. Maybe then I'll get the job.

Alan J. Kellman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE BALD TRUTH

I WOULD like to commend Guy Martin for the excellent series he makes on baldness, that natural condition we mortally shy away from ("Thoughts on the Top of My Head," October).

William Allen's article on the subject ("The Last Strand," October) was beautifully written, too. Perceptive balding can be particularly

transcendent. All too often the younger man, not realizing that bald is beautiful, tries to fight the process. But sooner or later, as both Allen and Martin suggest, most of us come around to seeing the world through the eyes of a child—seeing it the way it is, not the way movie and advertising moguls and myth makers tell us it ought to be.

Jim McCreary
Chicago, Ill.

"THE LAST Strand" explained how many bald men indeed feel, and I find myself spending many dollars on expensive hair. "Thoughts on the Top of My Head" explained the bald truth. Both articles are presented by a magazine that has chosen for its caption "Men At His Best." A quick review of the hundreds of pictures of men at their best in that issue show all have lots of hair, curly, wavy, straight, attractively styled yet rugged hair.

Bald men were not, however, totally ignored. There were two illustrations of bald men, one photograph of a balding alleged murderer, and one of a man wearing a wig, director Jack Taylor's situation.

Esquire is so good at explaining to show men at their best it would not overlook the fact that many men have beautiful, attractive, and sexy heads—others have hair. Robert T. Fitzhugh
West Broomfield, N.Y.

NATIONAL BAD HABITS

GEOFFREY NORMAN'S article "The Death of Jackson Hole" (*Esquire*, October) is direct and easy reading. What is of far greater importance, it is thoughtful.

High on our list of national bad habits is a propensity for making decisions about sensitive things ("It's easier on the part of the country") in an abstract way, not always taking the time to consider the fact that such decisions mean to most people to be made to the satisfaction of totally unrepresentative people.

Norman has said it (it appears to be, even acknowledging the relative efficacy of voting about the problems, and he's right to incur the wrath of the whole old-fashioned community. Well, good for him.

J. A. Stuffed
Pensacola, Fla.

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UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM

BY ADAM SMITH

HOW BANKS GOT INTO SUCH TROUBLE

Oil, politics, and seafarer lending

MANY YEARS ago I met a charming, urbane economist, Sir Eric Roll, who was at one time director of the Bank of England. I had constructed a summary of a world financial crisis, and I wanted his opinion on it. Knowing that the Roll enjoyed a good meal, I went to a fashionable French restaurant the day before our dinner date to discuss the crisis and the appropriate wines. After Sir Eric had had a chance to nibble the Muey and do a some justice, I asked him what he thought the chances were of the kind of banking crisis I had outlined. His mind flew between and nodded.

"Possible," he said. He stood the Burgundy in its glass and viewed the satisfying coat of gloss on it. "How not at all, possible."

That night the late Billo, since then we have had two oil crises and suppose a second world war. The talk in the corridors of oil companies and the chambers of debate of the chances of a banking crisis. Recently, at a conference in England, I saw Sir Eric again, now Lord Roll. He did not need to be reminded of either our dinner or the conversation and I asked him once again what he thought the chances were of a serious crisis.

"When you asked before," he said, "I would have said a chance at a hundred to one. Now I would say the chances are down into single digits. One in ten, or one in eight."

I thought this intelligence back with me, into a discussion on the same theme in New York.

"Lord Roll is an optimist," said one veteran Wall Street.

A BANKING crisis is an abstraction beyond the imagination of current generations of readers. I have to direct your eyes of one myself. I have stopped myself in the history of the Thirties. Since the New Deal, we have come to feel that the federal government can contain and fix any part of the banking system that goes



wrong. But the current problems do not stop in the shadow of any one country. They do not even begin with the banks. They stem from the tangle of OPEC, the passions and rivalries of the Middle East, the ambitions of developing countries, the rigors of politics and the reversal of the traditional usage of banks. I mean that banks used to be regulated, prime-based savings and mortgage suits who always and so. In recent years, at least on the international level, they have become glad-hand Charles preying money on anyone who would take it. Now they are about to return to the general Savings risk because their institutions are in such trouble. A banking crisis is not limited to banks. When banks stretch, it is hard to get a loan. We have seen what happens in housing when there is little credit for buying houses, the pace of buying and selling houses grinds to a near halt. In a banking crisis, not only the banks fail. So do the businesses that depend on the

banks or the system runs dry of money.

When the ships of Iran, the king of Saudi Arabia, and the other vicious crises and rebuffs of oil quadrupled the price of oil in 1973, they were not, it is safe to say, thinking about the banks. The Arabs were eager to give discount to the friends of Israel and the ships was eager to build a larger and sophisticated vessel here. But if it was picked up by \$16 a barrel, the cost of the oil remained roughly the same. The oil companies then had an extra \$100 billion a year. Since \$100 billion a year is hard to spend, even on Cadillac, private jets, and sophisticated missiles, the \$100 billion went into the world's leading banks. Citibank, the Bank of America, Chase, Barclays, the First National Bank of Chicago, the Bank of Tokyo, and so on.

Meanwhile, there was a whole group of countries that had been paying \$2.00 a barrel for oil that now had to pay \$12 and did not have the

money. So the leading banks took the deposits from the oil countries and loaned them to the same countries, at least—to the countries that had no oil. They acted as a turntable—taking loans, of course, at each turn of the table—and this process was called recycling. The worldwide commercial banks were credited with saving the world from economic disaster. They were seen as being like the "recycled" paper products, world business would have contracted sharply because of the amounts of money once available for revs and school books that now had to go far. With all their money churning through the world's banks, suppliers of bank credit expanded. The Eurocurrency market grew from \$200 billion in 1970 to nearly \$2 trillion today. With bank credit expanding so quickly, it is not surprising that the 1970s were a decade of inflation. World consumer prices nearly tripled.

In 1979 world oil prices rose another 60%. The ship left Iranian harbors

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seized the Argentine embassy, and, in the revolutionary disruption, issuance of production led off sharply. That produced a game in the spot, so that oil and gas, and, and included to 834 a barrel. Why it went to be so but in a mystery I hope to give some attention to tomorrow. There was no great excess of demand for oil in the world, and if a true free market had been operating, we would have expected the price of oil to fall back again in the game subsided. It did not. So the OPEC commission again had another warlike to put into the basis, the developing countries once more were strapped, and the international banks were once again to be blamed, taking the demands and lowering the money to Brazil and Argentina and Zaire and Peru and Mexico. American bank loans to Mexico quadrupled between 1979 and 1981. But you offer forces were at work. With the price of oil so high, power companies began to switch to coal. Smaller, privately-owned cars became popular. Oil and gas and Russia were a greater demand than the muscle cars of the past. Mexico's economy put a lid on the amount of oil the world's banks needed. America cut back which reduced the need for oil fuel.

And the banks began to solve up. The heavy days of petrodollar recycling, the excesses in lending had been for a while, the rate that construction loans and bank lending to developing countries, for example, grew at 25 percent a year from 1979 to 1980, far in excess of the growth in bank capital. That means the reserves for dealing with potential problems are smaller and the exposure is greater.

And the exposure is certainly there. High interest rates contributed to the recession in the developed world. With the recession, manufacturers needed less copper from Peru and Zaire, less bronze for shipbuilding from Jamaica and Guinea. The prices of the manufactured goods did not come down. It still cost as much to replace a broken or worn-out part for a truck as it did when the market was hot. The consequences of the oil price rise, the developed countries fell in price. Copper recently hit its lowest price in real terms in more than fifty years, and agricultural crops—coffee, banana, sugar, and so on—were on the verge of the sharp dip between exports and imports. And now time is beginning to be a serious factor.

The debts of the developing countries are now coming due. With high interest rates, with slow demand for their exports, the developing countries find that it is now taking all the earnings from their exports just to pay the interest on their mounting debts. Mexico, for example, got quite ex-

posed when it became an oil country. Nobody knows quite where all the money went that Mexico spent, but it certainly spent it, and lenders had lent to it on the grounds that it had oil. But they're silent on Mexico's debts: it's three times the earnings from oil exports, and Mexico's credit rating has collapsed.

In the heavy days of petrodollar recycling, the bankers flew around the world loan loans to their borrowers, eager to get the borrower signed up before the boys from Tokyo got there with their own batch of loan forms. They told themselves that sovereign countries could never default. Now they are flying back to the same countries, asking why the payments on the loans are late, and they are being told, sorry, we're having a bad year, what about six months from Tuesday? Or six years?

To add to these problems, the debtors in which all the loans were based no longer look so secure. Venezuela and Kuwait might have put money in the bank when the dollar rates were going up, but if the spending programs are paid out there they may take losses out. Nigeria is already a borrower, even though it is an OPEC, oil exporter. No deposits, no loans. What if the depositors want to take their petrodollars out of the bank and spend them and the borrowers cannot repay their loans? If the borrower can't return the money, and if the depositor wants the money back, some bankers are going to take their classic wolf in sheep's clothing. That is a classic bad for lenders, banks, and the rest of the world, too.

Mexico and Argentina are having severe difficulties. The rate of inflation in Argentina at last count was 105 percent, and nobody in Buenos Aires is looking ahead spending more money on the Falklands this year. Behind Mexico and Argentina there is a whole group of countries on the verge of severe troubles.

For the first time in a long time the banks have stopped increasing their loans. 1982 is the first such year in a decade. Bank regulations in the U.S. are looking harshly at bank balance sheets. And now the Canadians are thinking the way. What if the banks ever do the other way? What if all lending stops? How will the developing countries get their loans re-scheduled, their exports guaranteed, their investments paid for their economy? Developing countries are very important to the industrial countries. They take roughly a quarter of the merchandise exports. They don't take that merchandise, you can look at the gold production in India, the steel in Venezuela, and the bed spreads in Malaysia.

There is a wisecrack circulating in financial circles attributed to Arthur Burns, the former chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who is now ambassador to West Germany.

"The international banks have made many foolish loans," he is said to have remarked, "and now we can only pray they will make some more of them."

I WENT to London with some of the directors and executives of Shell in the Shell Center tower headquarters. Of the seven great oil companies, Shell has the reputation of being one of the most sophisticated. We had some excellent Scottish whisky, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding and Stilton cheese. Halfway through the whisky, I was asked where I thought the price of oil was going.

"So now to know from me?" I said. "You have refineries all over the world, and tankers moving between them. You are in touch with all the trading outlets in the world. There are a hundred ways to get fuel or kerosene or plastic bags you don't know about. You have a whole staff of economists and the sciences of your long-range planning department are famous in the oil industry. So why ask me?"

"Because we've been so wrong," was the answer. "So far the oil market has been so wrong. We like to think we've been a bit less wrong, but we all thought the price of oil was going to continue up."

I said it was a good thing it was coming down. Having it go up after all, had been one of the criticisms of the last half of the twentieth century—that had damaged industrial countries and developing countries, it had helped to kill the airlines, it had made home heating much tougher in cold climates, it had added to the cost of everything. So why wasn't the reverse true?

Well, if the price of oil went down too far, everybody would stop looking for more oil, which would leave us even more vulnerable later—but actually it was the banks. There was no sound lending based on the banks' credit. The banks are looking wouldn't look so good. And would the banking system survive if oil got down to \$10 a barrel?

I said the bank of America and Citibank hadn't bowed out of that money, and I wasn't going to let anyone for them. "I think the banks can survive all at twenty-five dollars a barrel," said one of the Shell people. "That twenty dollars, or fifteen dollars is a hard."

"Meaning," said another director, and the "seven," was left hanging in the air.

ADAMANTIA is a columnist for The Money Game, Supermoney, Powers of Money, and Paper Money.

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BY BOB GREENE

MISS MCNICHOL WILL SEE YOU NOW

A daytime date with Krusty

KRISTY MCMICHAEL, a cigarette dangling from her lips, leaned in the lobby of Los Angeles's Century Plaza hotel. America's preeminent comic-book symbol of youthful whole someone is was clearly radiating.

"I look in my closet at home," she said. "The clothes are in the front. I look for my Louis Vuitton bag. The Louis Vuitton bag is missing. I look for my two Sony Walkmans. The Sony Walkmans are gone. My videotape recorder—gone. My alarm clock—gone."

"Have you called the police?" I asked.

"No," Krusty said. "I called my accountant."

"You're going to have to call the police if you want to get your things back," I said. "There has to be a police report."

"My accountant and I didn't have to call the police," Krusty said.

Her grandfather interjected: "If she calls the police it'll be in the papers." Her grandfather's name was Don Gorce. A gentleman of

sturdy-bear, he wore brown and white-striped pants, a yellow shirt that he had not tucked in, and running shoes.

Krusty took another drag from the cigarette. Her dapper savings glinted in the artificial light. "I don't have to call the police," she said. "The police never come to talk to the person who did it again."

"You know who did it?" I asked.

"Maybe," Krusty said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Maybe it's ex-husband," Krusty said.

"Because you were not with me doing something like that to you?" I asked.

"No never know," Krusty said. She ground on the cigarette in a glass ashtray. She was clearly in no mood to chat.

KRISTY DECIDED that a remedy for last night's burglary of her condominium would be a shopping trip. A baby-blue limousine waited for her outside the hotel. She walked bravely to the car. Her grandfather and I followed.



The driver, a young blond-haired man named Jeremy, said, "Where to?"

"Century City Shopping Center," Krusty said.

Her grandfather started to tell a story. "I was a winner on the *Arthur Godfrey Talent Show* program," he said. "I was DIT."

He had to stop his story because we were at the shopping center. It was directly across the street from the hotel. We could have walked to it in less than a minute.

"Talk into the garage," Krusty said.

The chauffeur did.

IN THE Broadway department store, we ate the excellent. Krusty seemed to know where she was going. Her grandfather and I hurried to catch up.

In the electronic-entertainment department, she walked up to a salesman.

"Miss McNichol," he said. "How nice to see you."

"I'd like another VHS videotape machine just like my other one," she said.

"The big one?" the salesman said.

"The 290, like I had before," Krusty said. "Is it available?"

"For the next few days we have a special on the 450," the salesman said.

Krusty's grandfather said, "Does it have remote control?"

"That doesn't matter," Krusty said. "Bring me one."

The salesman went into a back room. When he came out he was carrying a videotape machine in a box.

Krusty had not asked the price. She handed him her American Express Gold Card.

"Also I have to get another thing," she said. "Do you know the Sony Walkman with the case in it?"

"I don't believe we carry cases for the Walkman," the salesman said.

Krusty's grandfather said, "Not a Walkman case. The whole Walkman."

"At a price that you keep in mind," Krusty said.

"Also I have to get another thing," she said. "Do you know the Sony Walkman with the case in it?"

"I don't believe we carry cases for the Walkman," the salesman said.

Krusty's grandfather said, "Not a Walkman case. The whole Walkman."

"At a price that you keep in mind," Krusty said.

The chauffeur appeared.

"I want you to carry this videotape recorder to the car," Krusty said.

Krusty's another cigarette. "Jeremy" she called.

The chauffeur appeared.

"I want you to carry this videotape recorder to the car," Krusty said.

Krusty's another cigarette. "Jeremy" she called.

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The chauffeur appeared.

"We were walking through the shopping center. Krusty entered a store called Leather Bond. She walked directly to a large suitcase.

Her grandfather said, "Where do you call the cow for that?"

"These are almost all of it," the salesman said.

"I love leather," Krusty said. "Don't you have anything bigger than this?"

"That's the largest one we have," the salesman said. "It is three hundred ninety dollars."

"I wish you had a bigger one," Krusty said, and left the store.

She walked into a shoe store. She glanced around for a second or two.

"None," she said.

"What didn't you see?" I asked.

"I didn't see quality shoes," she said.

In a clothing store called July's, she led her grandfather to a display showing a slumped garment made of leather, festooned with metal zippers.

"Can you see me in this, Grandma?" she said.

"Good," her grandfather said.

"It's not good, it's disgusting," Krusty said.

"I was just thinking of your great-looking legs," her grandfather said.

She reached toward her grandfather's mouth. She took the cigarette he had been smoking. She put it in her own mouth and inhaled. She handed it back to her grandfather. She also handed him her purse.

"Carry this for me," she said.

She wandered around the store. She saw a woman's handbag.

"Let me have this," she said to a saleswoman. She handed the woman her Gold Card.

"Aren't you ever going to try it on?" I asked. "How do you know it fits?"

"Probably fits," Krusty said.

"But what if it doesn't?" I said.

"Usually I can tell," Krusty said.

KRISTY WAS hungry. So the three of us went to Lindberg's, a health-food restaurant in the shopping center. There was a brief wait for a table. A young man who also was waiting, not quite able to believe that he was standing next to Krusty McNichol, got up the courage to talk to her. He asked her what her next movie project would be.

"This about a handicapped girl," Krusty said.

"The boy said, 'Do you become handicapped?'"



It paid off to know your place and family. Krusty stays up late.

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ASKED HER WHAT SHE THOUGHT THE GREATEST PUBLIC MISCONCEPTION ABOUT HER WAS, "THAT I'M THE ALL-AMERICAN GIRL," KRISTY SAID.

capped during the movie."

Kristy's grandfather said, "No, besides the movie, I love her legs."

The young man blushed. "The only reason I asked is that I work with handicapped people. I work with blind people."

"Is that right," Kristy said.

"Then you've ever worked with handicapped people?" the young man asked.

Kristy looked to see if our table was ready. "I've thought about working as an attendant," she said.

"Do you want a place?" the young man said. "Because if you don't, I could suggest some places."

Kristy's grandfather said, "Give us your name, maybe we'll call you."

FOR LUNCH Kristy ordered a dish called the Death Nut. Kristy said that she would like to be with regular people more, but that she rarely got the chance.

"I was on a cruise with Joey once, and I wanted to get a lockback, so I went down to the dining room without him, and some people recognized me," she said. "They asked me if I wanted to join them. They said, 'Sit with us.' That was nice."

"Did you do it?" I asked.

"No," Kristy said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I was in a hurry," Kristy said.

I asked her why she thought so many people felt such warmth toward her when they saw her on the screen.

She said, "I don't know," she said. "People like to invite people into my eyes. That's what I've been told. Maybe that's it."

I asked her how she met young men.

"It isn't hard," she said.

I asked her to give us an example.

"At night," she said. "I was at this club called the Legends. I saw this guy wearing black leather pants and an Elvis rockabilly shirt. I thought he was hot. I danced with him."

"Did he call you after that?" I asked.

"I called him," she said. "I don't give out my number."

"Was he surprised to hear from you?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I just said, 'Hey, I'm in Krissy.'"

"So what happened?" I said.

"I think he was trying to get me in the palm of his hand," Kristy said. "I think he thought maybe I would be weak. I'm not."

She said that she almost never ran out of her bed said. I asked her why not.

"I get a lot of feedback just walking around," she said. "I hear so much from people on the street, from my family. I don't need to go home and read letters saying how great I am."

"She doesn't have the time," her grandfather said.

"I just don't feel like reading them," she said.

"I adore you," I love you," I want to marry you," her grandfather said.

"If I jump out of a window for you," Kristy said. "I don't need that."

WE WERE in the parking lot that was constructed beneath the shopping center. Kristy had legs on which level the insurance man parked, we had seen the driver since he had been dispatched to carry the videotape recorder.

Alarmed as people moved toward their cars or toward the paramedics into the shopping center, I suggested that we go down another level to look for the car.

Kristy sat stopped walking. She stood in the garage and put her hands on her hips. She began to shake.

"Jimmy?"

There was no answer. She shouted again.

"Jimmy?" "Jimmy?" "Jimmy?"

Still no response. She shot a story at her grandfather, who had been standing nearby. He caught the look. In a second he was shouting, "Jimmy!"

"Jimmy!" Jimmy! Jimmy!"

THE NEXT day Kristy had a lunch date with Joey Corasco at Benihana of Tokyo, on La Cienega Boulevard. When I arrived they were already eating.

Joey was a white, slender 7-foot. He was brown and lean and quite handsome. Between bites of food he reached over to rub Kristy's leg, or across her arm. He was smiling.

I asked her if she ever had trouble with people eyeing her.

"Not women," she said. "Just the guys. I can see it in their eyes. It's males."

I asked her why she thought they felt that way.

"Probably because I've done more in sixteen years than they'll do in their lifetimes," she said.

She reached over to rub her hand up Joey's forearm.

I asked her what she thought the greatest public misconception about her was.

"That I'm the all-American girl," she said. "Perfect and cute and good and level-headed."

I noticed that Joey was wearing a clear plastic condom in the ring of his left ear. I asked him if it was a condom.

"What, do you think Kristy would give me a piece of glass?" he said.

JOEY CORASCO is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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BY THOMAS J. JACKSON

HAPPY TRAILS

There's more to cross-country skiing than sloshing in the snow

NOT FAR from the house where I live, there is a cross-country ski trail. The people come up bare in the snow with their lined-down skis thrown over their shoulders and wearing sporty outfits so brightly colored that I feel myself just straining at the window curiously at the flashy combinations of orange and green, purple and gold, cream and scarlet. These are people who stand out against the snow.

And yet they are not necessarily fast skiers. Some have obviously done some towing before and others have plenty of backpacked or Alpine skis. They come up here, to the little two-mile trail that passes through these pretty undulating woods, to have a good time. It is an easy trail: even the beginners can manage it with only a fall or two. I see my houseguests out there all the time, most of them have never been on cross-country or any other kind of ski at all. We have fun on our pleasant jaunts through the woods, and so do the people I watch from the window.

Still, all of the time and expense required to get up to the more efficient woods would seem to call for more effort than most of the people I watch are willing to give the sport. It could be so much more challenging, I think, as I watch them put on their gear and start out, walking uphill slowly the way people walk when they have to pass a drinking water. When the skiers reach the top of the first hill, they find themselves on a slight downhill traverse that crosses a ridge. The trail is wide and straight, it's a good opportunity for the skier to build up some speed. Most of the people I watch, however, just leave all the work to gravity. Some will squat at their benches, and others will kick and try to pole. Mostly, though, they just stand and crush.

Then, when they have reached the long straight at the bottom of the ridge, the skiers begin walking again. But even those



who actually lack the ability to get across suffer from lazy and abrupt strides. Their poles are typically an afterthought, and their short, brittle strokes produce almost no power at all.

There's no cross-country of this, at least. You can take the course at whatever speed is most comfortable. But what agony it is, I think as I watch these people, that to me a sport should be so understated. And yet what is most troubling to realize, watching these lazy skiers, is that I could be watching myself.

The fault is not with me or them or the sport. It's a result of one of the sport's virtues—namely that you do not have to be taught or coached to do it. You can put on a pair of skis and pick up a pair of poles and go out and ski. The problem is that that accessibility keeps a lot of people from ever improving, from raising their performance to the level where the activity really begins to pay off.

My way of correcting this situation was

to invite Mike Gallagher, the head coach of the U.S. cross-country ski team, over for a day of hard booting. Mike travels too much to keep a dog, and I have a pretty good two-year-old Bernese. So we made a trade, a day in the field with my dog in exchange for some tips on how to do properly what I like to do anyway.

"THE BEST thing about cross-country for the novice," Gallagher said, "is that just about any cardiovascular-exercise program can prepare you for it, so virtually everyone is already in shape to ski when the season comes along. You don't have to wait for the snow. The other thing is that it is both wonderful recreation and a great conditioning sport. Probably the best conditioning sport there is." Before he retired from active competition, Gallagher competed in three Olympic Games himself. He is well aware of fitness as a lifestyle.

In the woods behind his house in Pittsfield, Vermont, there is a sort of obstacle course that he designed for his own training. He runs the course from station to station and does a different exercise at each stop, the aim of which builds strength and contributes to his ability to move rapidly on a pair of long, thin skis.

"Since the sport attracts just about every muscle group," said Gallagher, "my exercise routine can be adapted to a conditioning program for cross-country skiing. In fact, I'd say that non-exercisers could adapt to an off-season cross-country program that is just about any other sport."

Gallagher himself runs, in fact, he had done so since under the day before we talked. He enjoys the sport, though training, he pointed out, does almost nothing for the upper body. "You'll see plenty of runners who take up cross-country and have the legs and the wind like it, but can't hold up to the poles. If you do it right, that pole motion requires you to use your legs



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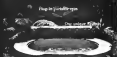
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THE CLASSIC KICK-AND-GLOVE IS A DECEIVING MOTION; THOUGH IT'S EASY TO DO ADEQUATELY, MOST PEOPLE DON'T DO IT VERY WELL.

and details and treps. When you really get into it and stretch out all the way, you even use your wrist. Kenwood doesn't recognize that as a mistake, but it's a mistake for the exercise of going. Gallagher has them run and hike using their poles. He runs them through his backyard stroke course, making them take some time with time on the course to see how he has noted two lengths of 20 meter strokes. The athletes stretch the tube lengths out with a sharp pulling motion of their arms, a motion that acts with the athlete's hands midway between his knees and waist, and a foot or two behind his back. "The most subtle is my favorite apparatus," Gallagher said. "I like the price especially." Gallagher, two assistants, and a new athlete team all travel, stay in hotels, and compete around the world on a yearly budget of some \$10,000, so he is keenly aware of economy.

In fact, if you were to try to find a single word to sum up Gallagher's approach to his sport and his training methods, that word would be *efficiency*. It's not that he's a miser, or that he's a miser. Whatever you do, you have more fun and accomplish more when you are doing the thing vigorously and using proper technique. In a way, they go together.

Gallagher applied this rule to the action of skiing itself. When you are going downhill on a cross-country course, for instance, the temptation is always to coach, tack your poles under your armpits, and let the path of the hill propel you. That, Gallagher said, often causes the point. "That's the last for Alpinists," he said, "but in cross-country you can get a lot more speed, efficiency, and economy on many downhill sections of the course if you double-pole vigorously. You should get your feet down together, but you shouldn't try to lock. At the beginning of the stroke, your poles should be down, or slightly ahead of, your feet. You start leaning into those poles, watching them fly. You are pulling with your stomach, bending over at the waist. You follow through but when your poles are in the air, they are behind you. You should be bent over, with your feet ahead of your feet. Then you come up, reach with your poles, and start again. It's a great exercise for your abdominals."

Where cross-country skiers often meet head-on with their own mistakes is the way you get yourself up! Alpine skiers take a lift—or, better, a helicopter. Cross-country people *pull*—actually *ski*—up the hill. "On any ordinary course, you ought to be able to ski up a grade on every hill," Gallagher said. "On some you may have to hump along over the top. But under no circumstances should you stop

when you come to a hill."

The temptation for most novices is to dig in and hold tight, planting each foot hard and using careful, deliberate steps of the way up. This is the basic alpine technique, and it's slow, frustrating work. But it isn't even all that good for you. "When we like to teach," Gallagher said, "is that when he has a hill to go up, he becomes a runner." He demonstrated for me, on dry land, the quick little steps and the rhythmic motion of the poles that carry the good cross-country skier up most hills without tiring him to break stride or even to slow down very much. The step is short and has a lot of bounce with the bulk of the skier's weight placed on the balls of his feet. "The stability of any ski is in the rear portion," Gallagher said. "Control and braking are in the toe."

Running is slow, even for short distances, takes strength in the legs—the quadriceps, especially. Gallagher's skiers train on all-terrain roller skis and by taking very brisk up-hills. "We find that on steep hills it is better confining to the feet first than to run. We also do some work on the bicycle. Biking is especially good when you are making up on the points."

The longest sections of a cross-country course typically require neither uphill running nor downhill double-pole. Because most terrain is relatively flat, the skier spends much of his time using the classic kick-and-glove motion to propel himself across the snow. That is a deceptively easy, though it's easy to do adequately, but most people don't do very well. To get the most out of the sport you should start on a very long stride. Most skiers realize this without having to be told, but the way they go about lengthening their strides is simply to spread their legs farther apart. The result is increased resistance and actually reduces power.

"You want to spring off that ski and then get a good finishing kick with your ankle," Gallagher said. "That spring, when a gets stronger, will stretch out your stride with out working a wheelbarrow and throwing you off balance. It's a bounding motion, and that's the best way to train for it. By bounding, there is a new category of bounding called pole plants, which are designed to build explosive power. When you do it correctly and explode in high and go forward as you can. It has applications in all sorts of sports—football, basketball—not just cross-country."

"Anytime, when you are in this kind of stride—we call it a diagonal because you are using your right arm and left leg or vice versa—you are, if you're a novice, probably not getting power through the whole

stride motion. Until your poles are behind your legs, you are using them mostly for balance, then you give them a little push. But you should try to start on time, and more power from the poles, you must lean in them earlier. The kick is a lot like throwing a baseball; you need a follow-through. If you can throw with just your shoulders, the ball will go straight. But if you will go farther and lower if you put some arm behind it. A great pitcher uses everything. He finishes the throw with his wrist and fingers. The same with a great skier. He uses his thigh, then his lower leg, and finishes with his ankle—event his foot. At the end of the stride, we want him stretched out with everything in the same line—five-degree line: arm, pole, leg, and upper body. A novice won't make that long stretch line. He'll be bent at the waist like a arrow."

IT WAS warm, unseasonably so, on the day that Gallagher and I talked. We were eating lunch in my back yard. Gallagher had just shed two pounds and was looking good. "I've talked a lot of physiologists who may think competitive cross-country skiers are in such good condition. They all say the same two things. First, there is the obvious reason that you use every muscle group for extended periods. And second, they say the cold and changes in altitude create additional stress that makes the body, particularly the cardiovascular system, work harder."

Still, despite the hard work, injuries are rare. "Sprains don't do very well," Gallagher said, "that's just about the extent of them, unless you go somewhere you shouldn't go or do something very stupid. You don't even see the stress injuries you can get with running because you're running on a conditioned surface. I had an Achilles last month that was so sore I could barely walk it. Running made it much worse. Then the team went to Avonlea to train on a glacier. I was on skis for two straight weeks and when I got back the foot didn't hurt again."

There are cross-country courses everywhere that there is snow. "We're using more and more open terrain," Gallagher said. "We call it cross-country and it's a great thing for the sport. It's like all the trials half marathons you see for runners."

With my newly acquired insights into the sport, I could hardly wait to get the skis to arrive, give you a good speed each less time at the window watching. TALLMONT JACKSON is a free-lance writer living in Hawaii.

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BY LAURENCE SHAMES

EELS AND HEROES

How they looked in the sports arenas in 1582

ALL RIGHT, here goes. I've held this in way too long. I've seethed through spring training, I've been outgassed on either side of the All-Star break, and I've had my heart slowly broken during the long and unfulfilled demerol. I'm still heading here in the icy heart of the off-season, but as January approaches I learn to close the slate, to let the old grudges go. So I'll say that just once and have it over with.

*I hate George Sirosh's
way's out.*

He personifies everything that is misguided, petty, and cruel about professional sports—and, by extension, about American enterprise in general. Not that sports is the world—I know it isn't, even if the Yankee owner seems not to. Still, it's as good a snap of the world as anything I know of. Inability to compete, either individual or involving those marbles of strategy known as teams, we see much that is fine and inspiring in human possibility—a guts, concentration, a flat-out drive for a necessary commitment.

We also see some things from the cramping rule of human nature, and that's where George Savelle's answer comes in. We sometimes see, for instance, a childish and stupid insistence on wearing all the time—an obsession that, made from the major drawback that it's impossible to fulfill, has as its pernicious corollary that it's a disgrace to lose. Could anything be more destructive to the whole spirit and purpose of sport?

But maybe it's beside the point to talk about winning and losing to someone who is, after all, not out there playing baseball. I admit it must be tough to want to be a jock and have to settle for being a multimillionaire. Even as a business mogul, though, there's plenty about Steinbrenner to disapprove of. Many people have criticized him for his extravagance in trying to buy winning teams, but I don't think there's anything wrong with that if you're



great American tradition of spreading money to make money. What infuriates me, though, is that he runs his organization like a nineteenth-century venture capitalist. He has a few hundred employees, but still a place where employees are treated like chattel, where the boss perceives his responsibility solely in terms of wages and never in terms of things like respect, common decency, and common sense. If Skidmore ever has finally figured out that threatening to fire managers is not the best way to motivate them, that punitive threat practice sessions don't last well with growers, and that humiliating poorer growers is a sure way to lose them, he's still very much in the nineteenth century's hypocritical and autocratic style. It's scarcely unexpected, and I could almost laugh at his ranting and his excrecences—were it not that so many players, and the game of baseball itself, have been tainted by the same disease. In 1890, the year of an emblematic victory—a man who ex-

unraveled the wrong kind of competitiveness, the misuse of money and power, and a thoroughness that bordered on the Nervous—It was Strachan.

WHILE I'M at it, trying to get some sort of handle on the year just past by way of its moral triumphs and disasters in the arena, I can't help dredging up the shame-faced memory of the sponsorship fight between Larry Holmes and Gene

Heavyweight boxing is the most elemental of sports, and it calls up the most elemental passages. It was probably inevitable, then, that when Holmes and Conney met in Las Vegas last June the contest would be conceived by many as a confrontation between the races. I don't think that is necessarily a bad thing. The ideal, of course, would be if all of us were truly calculatedly bigoted, as a society, we find ourselves short of that ideal, perhaps from athletic competition congealing and help us overcome ethnic divisions.

more mutual respect and help us enhance our all-freedom design.

But that ignores, of course, that the competition is fairly judged—and the Holmes-Correy fight was arbitrarily judged, the version of her play and duress that was diagnosed to the black champion was reminiscent of *Te Kōwhiri* a blackboard.

The fight was not close. Conney, the Great White Hope, put up a courageous battle, but he was obviously outclassed. Yet when the fight was mercifully stopped in the thirteenth round, two of the three judges—all white—showed the challenger trailing by a mere two points. In the course of the fight, Conney had been punished three points for low blows. Without the penalties, he would have actually been ahead, even as it stood, he could very conceivably have won a decision.

How does one account for the glaring discrepancy between performance and norms? One way, of course, is simply to

assume that the judges were cheating. But I think the truth is actually more insidious than that. I think the judges were doing their honest best, but racism is so deeply ingrained in white America that they simply couldn't say that a black man was the better fighter. Fortunately for the cause of justice, Larry Holmes was able to do what minority members of this society have always been required to do—not just accept defeat in his white opponent, but outperform him so definitively that the well-trained crowd could not possibly be without

NOT THAT all the news from 1962 was bad news, though. There were some glorious moments, too—moments when the mist of greed and cynicism that now surrounds pro sports seemed to burn away and the beauteous beauty of athletics shone through.

Sometimes it takes the full force of boring rock bottom to motivate a person to do something courageous—and this sentiment has been the case with Don Heston, a 47-year-old former professional football player and voluntary administrator to a disability center, who has dug his feet into the secret of cocaine use among pro-football players. Heston's story—which occupied the cover of *Sports Illustrated* and was featured in *Time* magazine—has been resoundingly everywhere—presented as a chilling vision of athletes destroying themselves with the knowledge of at least some coaches and owners. In the ensuing controversy, many coaches and others in the NFL have been accused of covering up the use of cocaine and other drugs, and teams called into question for negligence. The fact remained, though, that he'd told a story that revealed biting and truth doing so costimated a brave act both of self exposure and of sharing the strength that he felt many must have been losing to their peer pressure.

What I see as the heart of the matter in Reese's tale, though, is not his personal failure as even the broader issue of free speech. It is the question of how we, as some of the architects of the 1987, placed the really burning part of the quiet complexity in the person of so many popular writers. The answer—these same humanitarians who should square circles full of confidence and self-esteem, who should be in the front of the office—can hardly be expected to reach their own highly polished heads. But how about the rest of us—the spectators, the laymen? Even after Reese's article there had been plenty of encouragement to write, to speak, to act. But for the most of us just didn't want to know about it, we were too selfish to consider the human cost of our contentment. We wanted to preserve the illusion that we were watching healthy young men play a game of football, not men who were dying that we were watching a bunch of hapless runners hurt our beloved our boys. Don Reese

made us consider the darker side of sports glamour and sports persons: he brought us to a frightening but humbling awareness of what a Super Bowl ring really costs.

LAST JANUARY at the Volvo Masters tennis tournament, Vitas Gerulaitis and Eliot Teltscher met in the semifinals. Neither had been expected to be a major factor in the tournament, and both had been playing highly determined and even inspired tennis. Their clash, which would pit Gerulaitis's scrappy aggressiveness against Teltscher's unrelenting consistency, figured to be a doozy.

It was Gervais and Teichner who led the first two sets, and the tempo and the tension both increased perceptibly as the deciding third set began. Finally, in the eighth game, Gervais slashed his way to match point, thus setting the stage for one of the finest rallies and climaxes moments of the year.

After several exchanges from the base line, Gerhardt attacked. He was repulsed by a jab, and he speared again. This time Teitelbich hit a wicked cross, and Gerhardt lunged to maintain contact and just barely got his racket on the ball. He flattered upward, but the net cord, and doubled over for what seemed like a fluky but irrefutable winner. Miraculously, though, Teitelbich came tearing up to net, barely diving at the ball, and managed to lob it over Gerhardt's head. This latter, stunned that Teitelbich had reached the ball at all, was late moving back, and nudged his next shot wide.

The crowd went nuts. Telukher had survived match point in one of the fiercest rallies of the tournament. But it seemed. As the cheering died down, though, the crowd noticed that Telukher was standing at the net, his posture clearly indicating that the match was over and that he'd lost. For the moment all was confusion in the arena. There'd been no indication from the winner's chair.

Finally, Tellerbach himself indicated that he'd touched the net—a violation—on his headlong lunge toward his final shot. There were many thousands of people in Madison Square Garden, and no one, the umpire included, had seen the violation. There was a lot of money at stake. There were rankings, endorsements, and TV airtime at stake. For Tellerbach, however, none of that changed the rules of the game or the gentleman's code that was their basis. He shook Gerulansky's hand, nodded to the crowd, and walked off the court with dignity.

It occurs to me that if that sort of thing still happens in the jaded, inflated world of pro sports, then maybe, just maybe, there's still a thing or two the rest of us can

Learn from it.

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The Greatest Recordings of the Broadway Musical Theater

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to all of us. It's not an ending,
it's a new beginning."

—Julie Andrews

The great living legends of the Broadway theater—performers, producers, composers and writers alike—have joined together, for the first time ever, to select the definitive collection of musical show recordings.

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As a result, this will be the most complete and authoritative collection ever devoted to the Broadway musical theater—the first truly comprehensive collection of the most outstanding songs from the greatest shows in Broadway history.

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Be there to this collection will be to know each and every Broadway hit. From the lively revues of *Flo Ziegfeld* to the memorable performances of *Al Jolson* and *Eddie Cantor*—to the melodic classics created by Cole Porter, the Gershwin, Lerner and Loewe,

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Here is Ethel Merman, beginning with her Broadway debut in *Girl Crazy*—when she sang out the house down with "I Got a Kick Out of You." Mary Martin, with her amazing rendition of "My Heart Belongs to Teddy" in *Lure to Me* . . . through her triumphs in *South Pacific*, *Porgy and Bess*, and *The Sound of Music*. Fred Astaire, in *Only, Be Good!*, *Fanny Face*—and creating a sensation in *Guy Ropes*.

And here are unforgettable performers

from the incomparable Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, at his most entrancing, Julie Andrews, as the lovely Rose Donnelly in *My Fair Lady*. Richard Burton, as King Arthur in *Camelot*. And the other Broadway immortals—including Judy Holliday, Rex Harrison, Liza Minnelli, Zero Mostel, Beatrice Lillie, Euse Piazza, Gwen Verdon, Ruby Keeler, Joel Gray.

A treasury impossible to duplicate

This is a collection that could not be duplicated in any other way. For it draws upon a wealth of rare records

ings—some just discovered in the last years.

Gene Kelly's only performance on record of "I Could Write a Book" from *Pat Joy*, for example, was never released in America; a missing classic uncovered for this collection. Others, like Jimmy Durante's 1930 performance of "The Hot Date" from *The New Yorkers*, have been unavailable for years. Still others were released only on 78s or 45s, and never released in modern LPs until now.

And Broadway hits of later years will be fully represented too. From shows like *Hill, Dolly*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *New York Story*, *Coolest*, *Grease*, *A Little Night Music*, *Shogun* 1981 . . . and more.

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This pressing technique, together with the special vinyl, results in a record that offers superior performance. A record of true proof-quality.

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AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY *Maps for All Time*



ILLUSTRATION: GREGORY BRYN

For many of us, maps are much more than simply guides to get us from here to there: they're a record of the past and a plan for the future. "Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps," explains Matthew in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. "I would look for towns at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and line myself up all the glories of exploration. At that time, there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look that) I would put my finger on it and say, 'When I grow up I will go there.'"

There are those who collect maps solely for their beauty, since many maps, especially those produced prior to the eighteenth century, are precious works of art. Others, like Dr. Seymour Schwartz, who began his own vast collection of North American maps in 1980 and subsequently founded The Mapping of America (Oxford), collect them "because they're historical documents, as well as works of art." Still others collect maps purely for investment purposes, which, as it turns out, may not be such a bad idea.

"Maps have always been collected," says Ruth Shovel, of the Anthony Gallery in New York City. "But only recently have they been collected for investment purposes." In the thirty years I've worked here maps have never gone down in value, but over the past ten or fifteen years prices have skyrocketed. One map that I sold several years ago for four hundred dollars is now going for five thousand."

So maps are a good investment, but no one has done quite as well as the lawyer from Louisiana who purchased a map through the mail from Ruth Shovel for \$35. Some

time later he showed up at the gallery asking to meet Shovel. "I just wanted to meet the woman who sold me that map," he said. Why? Because that map settled a multigenerational land case. Not a bad return on thirty-five bucks.

A LITTLE HISTORY

Other than hand-drawn maps that might have shown travelers the shortest and best route to "it" spots like Baghdad, the earliest collectible maps were produced during the fifteenth century. These maps, printed either as book illustrations or, more often, as part of an atlas, were engraved in black and white, which were then often hand-colored by trained craftsmen. Up until the nineteenth century these maps were made on pure rag paper (no wood pulp), so they have not deteriorated and will not do so.

During this period the reading public was limited, and, as a result, competition among publishers for what was a rather small audience was soft. A map then wasn't simply a page of unconnecting lines, since the more decorative the map, the better chance there was for a sale. Take stock at an old map and you're likely to find beautifully executed drawings of people, animals, fish, ships, sea monsters, and the like in practically every open area. Early cartographers didn't know the full extent of landmass, and so they filled in the blank spaces with these drawings, which were added to by Jonathan Swift in the lines, "No geographers, in Africa, Asia, or Europe, have ever seen the tops of the mountains."

The beauty and the accuracy of these maps, which were added to by Jonathan Swift in the lines, "No geographers, in Africa, Asia, or Europe, have ever seen the tops of the mountains."

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during beautiful editions in French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch that were in great demand by contemporary map collectors. Slowly, as explorers returned from their travels abroad, map outlines took on recognizable shapes. Until the early 1800s, maps were at a constant state of flux.

WHAT MAKES A MAP COLLECTIBLE

As with anything else, a map's value to a collector is based on supply and demand, and thus demand arises for any one of several reasons:

- As you'd expect, what few copies remain from early map editions are valued today for their scarcity.

- Many collectors, except world maps, the earlier the better, so these are difficult and expensive to come by. Close behind in popularity are maps of the New World and the Holy Land, followed by those of other specific areas. Maps of Texas as a republic, for instance, are in demand, and Ruth Shovel has a long list of Texans waiting for such a map—for which they'll probably pay hundreds of dollars.

- Maps are important because of their historical significance. Performance, a period map of the Lewis and Clark expedition is highly sought after.

- The condition of a map affects its value. An early so-called pull of good quality is in greater demand than a later pull. Also, signs of wear on a map ought to be minimal, and the margins should be even and not cut in such a way that some of the impression is removed.

- Like a stamp that's been printed upside down, maps that are incorrect, usually due to a lack of knowledge of the area, are particularly desirable. Take a look at a map of the New World with South

THE SEASONED COOK

How to Throw a Chili Festival



Nothing chases away the midwinter blues better than a pot of chili, particularly if it's big enough to warm forty to fifty intimate friends. Since you're not likely to attend any eighth International Chili Festival and Whiskey Drink this month, here's how to throw your own.

NORTH TEXAS RED

The main event is based on the table of the chili culture, Frank X. Tolbert's *A Brand of Red*. Any host not prepared to buy may taste good but it's not chili. Kind of debate.

Wipe kettle
Large frying pan
Small sautepan

1 pint tomatillo

25 ancho chili peppers (dried)

10 Japanese peppers (dried)

3 chipotle peppers (dried)

15 jalapeño peppers

Brown drippings for oil

30 chiles puris, coarsely

meat

30 lb. chile meat, cut into

half-inch cubes

1 cup flour

4 cups chili powder

5 cups beef broth

3 qt. beer (preferably Lone

Star)

6 tbsp. onion seeds

4 tbsp. oregano

4 tsp. ground coriander

1 tsp. sugar

Salt to taste (start with

2 tsp.)

4-5 tsp. meat herbs

(optional)

No beans

No tomatoes

No onions

No salsa

1. Have a big bag of tomatillo

to establish a chili perspective

Place yourself, though, across

the country requires less cut-

omission than bean surgery,

but you'll need your chili

peppers with water and boil for

180 minutes, then cover the

pot and let sit.

2. Chop seeded and de-

seeded jalapeños into small

bits. Set aside. (CAUTION:

Peppers burn. Beware of cook-

ing fumes when boiling pep-

pers, wear gloves thoroughly

after working with them. Be

careful where you put your fin-

gers for a couple of days.)

3. Take another half of to-

matillo. Move on to Phase II.

4. Legally seed garlic in

hacco-drippings (or cooking oil

over medium heat. Do not

brown. Transfer to kettle.

5. Brown meat a handful at a

time in the pan used for the

garlic. Turn frequently with

spatula. Do not crowd, or meat

will steam. Transfer to kettle.

(This is boring and messy,

Wash in apron and be prepared

to clean up a lot of spatters.)

6. Salt flour and chili powder

together. Combine with meat.

Stir with large wooden spoon

(or small heat paddle) until

meat is lightly cooked.

7. Remove cooked chili pep-

pers from liquid and snuff into

a paste. Some liquid. Add all

peppers (including the jalape-

ños) to kettle.

8. Add beef broth, chili

cooking liquid, and two and a

half quarts of the beer to ket-

tle. Bring to boil over medium

heat. Stir frequently to avoid

burning. Liquid should be at

least twice three inches above

meat. Add more beer (or even

water) if necessary.

9. More quiet, chase with

remaining beer.

10. Reduce heat to a strong

winter, then add other sea-

sonings. Rub onion seeds,

oregano, and coriander be-

tween your hands over the ket-

tle. This may cause them to

blend into the broth quicker,

and it certainly feels good.

11. Look over low heat, par-

ticularly covered, until meat just

begins to boil over. This should

take two and a half to three

hours. Stir frequently. Taste

from time to time to appreciate

what a fine brew you have. Ad-

just spices. Retain, but don't

collapse.

12. Optional: Make a note

with the meat burner and a cup

or so of the cooking liquid. Add

to the kettle for the last fifteen

minutes of cooking. Do this if

the chili needs to be thickened

a bit or if you're partial to the

tomatillo base that meat imparts.

13. Finish the tomatillo, if you

haven't already.

14. Good the chili, refrigerate

overnight, and store the grease

oil on the top of the kettle the next

morning. Leave it out of the

refrigerator for a couple of

hours before starting to heat it

up. When slowly stirred over a

very low heat before serving.

Stir a lot to make sure it

doesn't stick. Don't blow it all

after this work.

Serves thirty-five to forty

chileños or fifty-five to sixty

polite outsiders. I prefer it

straight, some people like it

"going to the press" (that is,

topped with grated cheddar

and chopped onions and maybe

some chopped jalapeños or a

Adobo of hot sauce).

A note on bottles: First-

timers may want to cut back on

the number of peppers in this

recipe, at least during the early

stages of cooking. Serious chili

is a rich, tasty concoction with a

sharp bite, but it shouldn't be

so hot you can't eat it. On the

other hand, it should make

your forehead sweat.

BEVERAGES

Serve your whole wine and

French water and light beer for

another party. This one calls

for Mexican beer (I like XOC;

my mother prefers Carta Blau-

red and magenta. Make car-

poritas in a punch bowl (one

and a half gallons tequila, one

gallon lime juice, a half-gallon

Triple Sec), and have a bread

cube early to help you take the

chance. Get a few kinds of

salsa, some chile sauce, and

salt shakers in strategic loca-

tions for macho guests. Don't

bother with shot glasses.

MORS OUVRIERS

Serve refined beans, salsa

cruda (onions, fresh coriander,

onions, serrano chili pep-

pers, tomatillo, and guacamole

if you know how to make them

and don't lose money people will

show up in real behavior when

word gets out.) Otherwise,

there big bags of everything

First-Lay makes will do. This

is not an important course.

MUSIC

Since you're going to all this

trouble, spend a few evenings

putting together a tape or two

of chili music. Bands: Williams

James and Sonnie, Jerry Jeff

Walker and Billy Joe Shaver.

Jimmy Buffett for the easy-

listening crowd. Creedence

Clearwater Revival for drink-

ing. Wylan and Willie. Perné.

A FINAL WORD

If you hate plastic as much as

you should, make a one-time

investment in bar glasses,

bowls, and spoons from a

restaurant-supply house. This

chili deserves it.

Don eat.

—Glen Wagoner

Puerto Rican White Rum is six ways smoother than gin or vodka.



Aging is the reason why Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness gin or vodka can't match. Rum from Puerto Rico, by law, is aged for a full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for six months and three



WHAT YOUR EARS NEED IS A BRAIN.



The tiny brain inside the SX-8 receiver is the brainiest in Pioneer's line of components. It can improve the way you listen to your music. And it can also improve your mood.

THE SX-8 RECEIVER DON'T TURN THAT DIAL.

How smart is smart?

For starters, the brain inside the SX-8 allows us to use push button controls, eliminating noise and distortion caused by mechanical dials.



All electronic receiver operation does away with knobs and dials. Volume, station and bass and treble dials can be easily measured thanks to L.E.D. windows.

So all you hear is crisp, clean music just the way it was recorded. The brain also willingly takes over the chores you used to do yourself.

Just push a button to raise or lower volume or tone, change stations, even check the time. Push the Scan/Tuning button and the receiver automatically scans every station, playing five seconds of each one.

Then, simply touch the Memory button. Your station, volume, and tone settings will

be instantly saved to the memory. All without a complicated presetting just.

THE CT-9R TUBE DECK WIND UP YOUR TUNING NOISE.

Just wind up the tape with a small amount of cassette, recording you've gone through the not-so-convenient fast forward/stop/play/reverse/stop/play procedure of trying to find the blank area where your last recording left off and the next one can begin.

The CT-9R, on the other hand, has a button marked Blank Search. Give it a push and it will find the area that's long enough to tape on, back up to the last recorded piece, leave a four second space and stop, ready to record.

Automatically.

And, as if that weren't enough, the CT-9R also has one of the world's fastest Automatic Bias Level Equalization systems. In plain English, that means that it takes just eight seconds for Auto B.L.E. to analyze the tape being used (no easy task with over 200 different tapes on the market) and then adjust the deck for optimum performance with that tape. Improving



The real time counter winds out the amount of tape left on the tape. Digital numbers and an audio signal of remaining minutes.

the quality of your recordings faster than you can say "wow and flutter."

THE PL-88F TURNTABLE: IT WON'T PLAY WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE.

In the history of recorded music, there has probably been one, maybe two people who live every cut on a

record. You know who.

The composer.

Not the listener.

And the composer can't control the records to measure the listener's taste. The listener can't control the tape which has been recorded.



Optical double the sensor searches for the silence after selection finds and ensures that the tape has stopped with the exact amount of time to all correct signals.

Like listening to music.

The Pioneer CT-9R tape deck, SX-8 receiver and PL-88F turntable. Proof that to get the quality of music you buy quality components for, you don't need a lot of knowledge.

You just need a little brain.

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Because the music matters.



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER Mind Trips in Big Sur



Ecobolism: It's how you stay in this world. It's hard to maintain. But there is a way to get your bearings, a way to achieve a kind of harmony within, in the Big Sur Wilderness Experience.

The Big Sur program is led by a young man filled with the enthusiasm of the continent: his name is Steven Harper, and it's his notion that in our atomized way of life we let many of our valuable natural instincts sleep. By allowing ourselves to become aware of nature and of our place in it as human beings, we can release those instincts and add new depth to our lives.

This spring Harper's Wilderness Experience will run from April 16 to 15. Participants lodge at the Estero Institute, under whose auspices this program is run. The workshop consists of four day-long hikes, each led to ten miles. Harper leads his wilderness hikes—workshops into the Ventura Wilderness, a deep and tall spread of forest and redwood lying between the Pacific and the coastal ridge of the Santa Lucia mountains. Through the Wilderness Act, the federal government is the sea's perpetual guardian, and state parks and beaches have been created within the boundaries of Big Sur. The days are divided between walking and studying, with a break for a lunch of

bread, cheese, and fruit. Though Harper makes a day plan, he says he takes it only as an outline—much as a dancer improvises on a score—and he departs from and returns to it at will.

IMPROVISATIONAL HIKING

One of Harper's primary concerns is to teach his students the skills to make independent hiking journeys. So he teaches them how to use maps and compasses, what to carry in a backpack, methods of repairing clothes to suit weather conditions, and physical maintenance (for example, how to avoid blisters and what to do about the unavoidable ones). He also points on basic relationships about weather systems, ecology, and geology.

The purpose of the experience, Harper asserts, is not to encourage a retreat to nature in the sense of longing for a bygone pastoral world. Rather, he hopes participants will reclaim qualities that they haven't totally lost but that have gone unacknowledged. And with a more complete sense of self-efficiency and resourcefulness, they can approach everyday life with renewed vigor.

When the day's hiking is done, Harper and the group return to Estero to dinner, the meals are largely vegetarian. Harper plans some stretching routines and more easy and

compass instruction, but the day isn't now as strenuous. Yoga classes and a massage room are available to everyone at Estero, though they're not specifically required for the Wilderness Experience.

HOT TUBS WITH A VIEW

According to many eye-witnesses, Big Sur is one of the most spectacular places on earth. Estero is no mean shaker either—the grounds are quiet and gracefully landscaped. The Institute is found out with hot tubs, two of them sitting outdoors as a mild vertical forest above the ocean. The tubs are, in fact,

one of the most silent and enjoyable features of the complex at Big Sur. Just the thought of soaking near the sky while the setting sun reflects off the Pacific is enough to give anyone a natural rhythm in a bath.

The Big Sur Wilderness Experience attracts an older crowd than most outdoor programs do. Most participants are in their late twenties to early fifties and are likely to be professionals. The total cost of your five days at the heart and pulse of nature is \$280. That's a lot of rhythm. For the Estero's spring catalog write: Estero Institute, Big Sur, California 93903. Tel. 408-667-2323. ■

THE DRINKING MAN Bubble Worship



New Year's Eve is the one occasion at which we absolutely need to be frivolous, a night that blossoms, pops, and parties, the past and the future colliding in one moment of tragically significant balance. If you stop to consider what it's all about, you lose altogether the charm of its exuberance. It's a poor man's excuse for a celebration. As such, a fitting theme for the evening is sparkling wine.

A distinction to be made of Champagne and sparkling wines. All the former are also the latter, but not vice versa. Champagnes are those sparkling wines that come from the Champagne region of France,

a formerly small area (about the size of Washington, D.C.) nearly miles east of Paris. The designation Champagne, like the name Cognac, bestows ancestry and grand tradition, not to mention expense. It's a substantial beverage, more so than the holiday calls for.

An ancestor of an elegant luxury, other sparkling wines from France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and the United States can be had for moderate prices. And happily, not all of them are hard to swallow.

At a recent informal tasting of several modern sparkling wines, the four that commanded the most favorable comments were Dom Pérignon, from France (\$5.99 a

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bottles. Focuses on: Cockon Negro, from Spain (\$5.99), Henkell Extra Dry, a West German product (\$8.99), and Chateau first, from California's Napa Valley (\$11.99). The characteristic that these all have in common is a dryness of taste, a wininess about the context, the drinker at our tating described an inexpressive expression—look sparkling wine—as “a little less, less.” Popable mixed with Alka-Seltzer? Sparkling wines are classified according to sweetness (but very dry), extra sec or extra dry, sec, demi-sec, and doux (sweet), Dryness and lightness go together in wine, and for that, lightness reigns. The sweeter the better, but more heavy-laden the wine. How appealing to a reader in the image of bubbles rising through a cup?

The bubble, in fact, rises up and looms as the logical symbol of New Year's Eve. Obviously we appreciate wine for its substance. In sparkling wine, though, the craft of the vintner is foisted over; we appreciate the abundance of the rising

in the wine. Goldness bottled. To ensure, then, that this year's bubbles are falling, keep the sparkling in mind. • Most sparkling wines should be served as soon as possible after being bought, but if it's necessary to hold on to a bottle awhile, store it on its side in a cool, dark place. This will keep the cork moist and wedged snugly in the bottle, preventing the wine from leaking and going flat. • Tall, narrow-mouthed glasses will allow the wine to hold its effervescence longer than will the traditional low, stemmed, wide-mouthed champagne glasses. • Lift your wineglass by the stem. Your hands on the bulb of the glass will warm the wine and cause the bubbles to dissipate more quickly. • Swirling the wine in the glass also encourages the bubbles to spend themselves. • Grease the worst cut of the bottle, you can expect carousal effervescence for about an hour. So be sure to pour accordingly. Happy New Year. •

CLASSICS

The Tuxedo



Although he is rarely given credit for it—and for good reason, as you will see—he has been mentioned that a prominent New Yorker named Edward Henry Wall was the very first American to wear a dinner jacket in public. Wall was a man of impeccable sartorial cre-

ditails. He owned a wardrobe of five hundred outfits and changed his clothes at least six times a day. His tailor was the legendary Henry Poole of London, whose other American clients included J. P. Morgan, William B. Vanderbilt, Elihu Root, and an association of Mellon and Whitneys. It was

Poole who designed the original dinner jacket, actually an adaptation of a waistcoated jacket he'd made earlier for the Prince of Wales, and he eventually sold Wall into wearing it in a place of formal attire. So it happened that one hot August night, about a hundred years ago, Edward Wall put on his dinner jacket and strode into the ballroom of the United States Hotel in Saratoga, the only man present not wearing the obligatory tuxedo. There were gasps. The hotel's male manager ordered Wall to leave the premises at once, which he did. Somewhat like Errol Flynn, that might have been the end of the dinner jacket as well, but Henry Poole had another, somewhat more wily American gentleman in his stable—namely, Goswami Lohani, a young scion of the tobacco family and a noted daily lionheart. One, one, might have been the end of his ear for wearing Poole's dinner jacket except that he wisely chose to make his splash within the safe confines of a country club his father had founded north of New York City—the Tuxedo Club. Eyebrows were raised, the elders grumbled, but the lad stayed the course. It was October of 1896, news of the jacket was reported in the press, and it became an overnight sensation despite some vociferous but short-lived opposition. It was known by a good many names—a call coat, a compromise coat, a gentlemen's coat, and, finally, a tuxedo.

I mention these two episodes not merely to set the record straight but to make the point that, historically, there has been a great deal of controversy about the tuxedo. When it comes to formal attire, and properly so—it is not for the sake of tradition, but because for some reason the classic model is almost always debated upon then engraved by convention. I have in mind some of the more recent anomalies like ruffled shirts, colored jackets, and that odd-looking bow tie that goes for a bow tie in the collar. All at these are anachronisms. But in a perverse

sort of way we can be grateful for them because of what they reveal about the wearer's level of taste. The venerable trends in that men and women look to each in black and white (not midnight blue and white, or brown and white), that ruffled shirts are neither sleek nor practical, that velvet is a bit too casual for a dinner jacket, that a modestly flared black bow tie looks hell out of any other context—and that it cheapens a jacket to use satin or pique as trimmings on the lapel rather than as a facing across its full width. My advice is to stick with the classic unless you happen to have a deal with the presence of a Henry Poole. And the odds are you do not. As for just exactly what constitutes a classic, there is a little luxury. The matched lapel, peaked lapel, and shawl collar are all acceptable, the peaked lapel being the dressiest and the shawl collar, most reminiscent of Henry Poole's smoking jacket original. A waistcoat is more elegant than a cummerbund, and more slimming too, but either is considered proper. Shoes of not black patent leather should at least be well polished. And while starched, pinned shirts are the king-of-the-hill look, there has been some relaxation in this quarter, making it acceptable to wear soft, whose dress shirts with military buttons rather than studs.

If you have occasion to wear a tuxedo more often in your life, make sure to own one and spare yourself the depressing ordeal of renting. A good tuxedo can be had for \$300 to \$500 and will last fifteen or twenty years. The keepers of the Gentle Brothers, Paul Stuart, and Tuxedo are well stocked, as you might expect. Elsewhere, Cohen Klein makes rather posh tuxedos and Edith's are more conservative, but the best is one in a day of looking was a less-than-stylishly ruffled shirt made with gingham-faced peaked lapels by Giorgio Armani that goes for \$1,000 at a number of stores around the country. —John Berendt

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GOOD THINKING

Playing with Money

The latest video game, it seems, is money. Across the country, hundreds of people who own personal computers are getting their first taste of banking at home, using the same terminals at which they play *Mystic Command*, *Donkey Kong*, and the like.

For the first time, customers of United American banks in Knoxville and Memphis, Tennessee, Shawmut Bank in Boston, and Chemical Bank in New York are checking their checkbook balances, paying their credit-card, utility, and department-store bills, and moving their money between accounts—all from their living room armchairs. In Tennessee, bank-at-home services have been operating for two years, while Chemical, the nation's sixth largest bank, just recently offered its home-banking service, dubbed *Home*. And it is no secret in banking circles that two other prominent banks, New York's Citicorp and Chase Manhattan, are experimenting with such services. It's not hard to believe, anymore, that with a real drive-in bank now approaching ubiquity, at least for certain simple transactions.

For those people who already own home terminals, home banking is a rather simple task. On most systems, a personal computer and bank-developed software work with a television set or a video display screen, which is then linked to banks by telephone lines. Simply by typing commands, customers can transfer funds between their accounts and call up information about interest rates or past transactions. Between playing video games and doodling with programs on the screen, the home-computer owner who finds that he has a lot of personal banking to tend to can gain a couple of acres of computer space a couple of keys, and

saves the costs of writing checks, getting to the bank, and getting to the post office to buy stamps.

At the United American Bank in Memphis, one hundred people have paid \$5 each month for the privilege of banking at home by computer. In Knoxville, some four hundred users have signed up in two years. On average, customers have been paying from five to ten bills each month routinely, bankers say; these numbers are sure to rise.

The major problem with home banking so far is that nobody has developed a system whereby customers can get \$50 bills into and out of their TV sets or video screens. Certain withdrawals and deposits are simply impossible to make electronically. There are concerns about security as well; customers want to be certain their account information is kept private. The purveyors of the new systems expect that consumer trends will continue along the path of less cash and more electronic bill paying.

There are also thousands of potential customers, no doubt, who will scoff at the notion of paying \$5 to \$10 a month for home banking—which is why the best banks to offer the service have made a point of explaining that the popular information networks (such as The Source) are compatible with the Apples, Alans, and TRS-80s that are used for banking at home. People who study how banking industry for a living feel that home banking will reach its full potential only when it is marketed as a "home information" package or combined with electronic mail services and such data banks as the Dow Jones network and CompuServe. Then, when we start to view bill paying not as a chore but as a simple push of the keys on a CompuServe, the idea of playing with money will take on a whole new meaning. ●

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

How to Furnish the Electronic Cottage



There are a lot of reasons for buying a personal computer. We all of them are good ones. If you can't tolerate your checkbook with a pocket calculator, you won't find it any easier with a computer. If you really need a computer to balance the family budget, either your family or your budget must be seriously overextended. On the other hand, there are times when a home computer can be useful, almost essential. These occur most often when either you make money—when it can, to use Alvin Toffler's phrase, put your cottage industry on an electronic basis.

Consider portfolio management. With a personal computer hooked up to an external data base, you can sit at home and look over your broker's shoulder at the same time. The Dow Jones News/Retrieval service (800-267-6114) offers current and historical stock quotes, earnings forecasts for 2,400 companies, and financial data from the files of the SEC, all for an initial fee of \$50 plus connect-time charges of

15 cents to \$1.50 per minute.

The data base can be accessed by almost any personal computer with the addition of a modem, a device that allows one computer to communicate with others via telephone, but special software for such home computers as Apple II, Atari Commodore, and Radio Shack makes data retrieval almost automatic. Some of the most sophisticated programs run on the Apple II Plus, a 48K computer that sells for \$1,495 with the requisite disk drive and monitor. Personal Investor (3043) and Portfolio Master (3065) both monitor stocks, bonds, options, and the like, updating each portfolio automatically. The Dow Jones Market Analyzer (3206) automatically logs into the data base and plots graphs according to technical analysis techniques.

For more serious analysis, there is the Technical Analysis Group (800-535-7990), an associative association of traders, advisors, and investors who all happen to own Apple II computers, combined with a joy stick, a second disk drive, and an additional 16K of memory.

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Investors who own the Apple II and want to follow the market in real time, without the fifteen-minute delay imposed by the Dow Jones, can get the Monitor from First Flight Data Systems of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and have the New York or American Stock Exchange ticker tape coming across the top of their video screen. This program, which automatically monitors eight different portfolios of up to thirty stocks each, sells for \$1,800, plus delivery fees of \$175 a month or \$200 installation for the NYSE or \$60.80 a month and \$75 installation for the Amex.

A New York discount brokerage house, Max Ull & Company, offers a similar program called Ticktrac for Radio Shack's TRS-80 Model II, a 64K machine that sells for \$3,899, or Model II business computer, which has a 48K memory and sells for \$2,499. Another version runs on most computers that use the CP/M operating system (The best-selling home computers, such as Apple, Atari, and Radio Shack, each have their own basic operating systems, most business-oriented microcomputers share a common operating system known as CP/M.) This program monitors up to 100 stocks and costs from \$1,950 to \$6,975, depending on which computer you have and which exchanges you want—plus, of course, the

ticker fees and installation charges. On the other hand, it finds you enough up-to-the-second information to allow you to rely on a discount house such as Max Ull & Company.

SCREENS TO WRITE ON

Just as computers can save analysts countless hours of tedium, so can they free writers from tedious retyping and trips to the library. Unlike portfolio management, however, which makes good use of the graphics capabilities of the hobby-oriented home computers, word processing can best be done on business-oriented machines. These offer a wider choice of software than many of the home computers and a far better value on hardware than any of them. They're also a better choice than dedicated word processors, which cost too much and run designed for secretaries who work in office buildings rather than for writers who work at home.

IBM's entry into the home-computer market signaled the beginning of a new generation of sophisticated and relatively inexpensive desktop computers. The IBM Personal Computer, which sells for \$3,475 as the base 6805, desktop configuration, is a serious-but uncomplicated, which works faster than the standard eight-inch chip and can be expanded to beyond the 64K. But a lot of software is available for it yet, but the IBM's considerable popularity will ensure that the problem is rectified soon.

Meanwhile, Digital Equipment Corporation, the leading manufacturer of microcomputers, has just got out its first home computers. The 64K Rainbow 100, which sells for \$3,495, has two and a half times the disk-storage capacity of the IBM—at an important consideration for anyone who doesn't want to be changing disks all the time. The DEC computer also has dual processors—a unique bit chip for software in the future and an eight-bit chip that allows it to run standard CP/M programs now.

Victor Graphics, a highly respected California manufacturer,

has recently released another dual-processor computer, the Victor 4, which offers 128K of main memory and nearly four times the disk-storage capacity of the IBM for \$4,695. Victor Computer's Eagle II offers a 64K memory, almost as much disk-drive as its DEC's Rainbow 100, and word-processing and bookkeeping software for \$2,995. One of the most impressive new machines is Epson's just-released QX-16, which gives you 128K of memory, a 16-bit word and a keyboard designed to be immediately accessible to people who use a computer, at a price of \$2,999.

There are also some interesting computers at lower prices. For \$1,995, Sanyo's 64K NBC 1000 offers as much storage capacity as the IBM, for \$1,785. Greenwell's 64K C-70 offers more, with software licenses. Both of these systems includes only a single disk drive at this price, however, limiting their flexibility. Possibly the best buy is the Koyote II from Non-Linear Systems of Solana Beach, California—a 64K portable that sells for \$1,795, the same price as the best-selling Osborne 3. Like the Osborne, the Koyote II comes with excellent word processing software, but also has an automatic spelling program, double the Osborne's storage capacity, and a screen that not only is big enough to read but also allows you to use the left and right sides of your document simultaneously (the Osborne does not).

THE SMARTEST PROGRAMS

Except for the IBM, which uses a special word-processing program called Easywriter II (3330), these machines will run most of the software designed for CP/M systems. The most popular program is WordStar (3495), which offers great flexibility but is not very easy to use. Another popular program, ProWrite (3500), offers a variety of special printing options, including proportional spacing, but does not allow you to see your text as the screen or the same format in which it comes out of the

printer. The most comprehensive word-processing package may be Perfect Writer (3495) from Perfect Software in Berkeley, California; it features proportional spacing, automatic formatting, automatic outlining, and a call command that lets you restore your last document automatically.

There is a wide choice of automatic proofreading programs as well. WordStar has a companion program, SpellStar (3555), that can run a check on every word used in your words. Perfect Writer's companion program, Perfect Speller (3555), comes with a fifty-thousand-word vocabulary. There's also the Word Plus (3545) from Quest Systems of San Diego, which has a forty-five-thousand-word vocabulary and a homophone list that flags words like there and their for possible confusion, plus an anagram feature that allows even the occasionally uninspired to play word games a la Nabokov. Finally, writers who can deal with criticism will want to submit their work to the rigors of Generative (3570) from Ages Software of Tijuana, New Mexico, an editing program that spots not grammatical errors, mistakes in punctuation, and other such phrases and then offers suggestions for correcting them.

For more details on word processing, check *The Word Processing Book* by Peter A. McWilliams, \$9.95, from Prentice Hall Press.)



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brighten the picture and an f1.4 variable speed macro zoom lens.

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not home, it can be programmed to record 4 different shows over 14 days. It has OmniaSearch for quickly finding your favorite scenes. And special effects, too.

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AN ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Esquire

Dubious Achievements of 1982



AND LIVES!

Officer Ralph McNeil of the St. Louis Police Department took bullets in his ears to destroy the noise of an Elton John concert.

IMMY HOPPA THREATENED TO BREAK THEIR KNEECAPS Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and everybody else in their collection at Walt Disney World joined the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.



CALL ME SCHWIMMEL

Sammy Davis Jr. met with Pessie Minster, Minister of Religion on a visit to Israel, his "longtime boyfriend." "When we shook hands," said Davis, "I felt a wave of heat go through my body, like electricity." He, in turn, called Davis "a prince."

WE DON'T HEAR YOU APPLAUDING FOR!

The John Finkley verdict.

THESE STORIES COMING UP: A commoner slips into the queen's bedchamber! America's reigning Miss owes her crown to a plastic surgeon! A hypercephalic visitor from outer space emerges as the economy's leading growth industry! Yes, '82 was weird, but no harm done. It was a year not guilty by reason of insanity. Consider the evidence:



REEF JERRY

Island Secretary James Watt redesigned his department's button and so did the sexual faces right instead of left.



THE DAVID REIGELMAN MURDER BARGE

To twenty-two-year-old Alex Greek Alexander of Montgomery, Alabama, a dancer, Girl Scout leader who stole the stole \$720 in cocaine money.



BEST NEW FACE: Pia Zadora

LET'S KEEP THE FRENCH OUT OF THIS!

To encourage a large voter turnout, Ed Shaw, a painter and movie producer, expressed a unpopularity during the California primary in June. All voters were eligible to win prizes. Among the prizes were airline tickets, a trip to Hawaii, a date with a television actress, and a lifetime supply of french fries.

AND THAT'S IT FOR DESPERATE AND DATELESS.

COMING UP AFTER THE NEWS: SYLVIA PLATT'S COUSIN WITH GAS. Mary Cooper, fifty-eight, and George Reese, sixty, both widowers, were married on the air after having met through a Canadian radio talk show called Underneath and Outside.

WORST NEW MOVIE: Jochen

ILLUSTRATION: THOMAS WOODS; PHOTOGRAPHS: (TOP) JAMES W. WOODS; (MIDDLE) JAMES W. WOODS; (BOTTOM) JAMES W. WOODS



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NICE THOUGHT, FERDINAND, BUT THE DUFF'S A SEVENTY- ONE-YEAR-OLD HUMAN HYMN

Concerned that President Reagan was not relaxing enough, President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines gave him a mis-
sion-vibrator clinic.



WE TAKE IT BACK.

In his first twenty months in office, President Reagan took nearly sixteen weeks' vacation.

CAREER CHANGE OF THE YEAR

John DeLoe

GOOD!

See Smith, a Dartmouth College alumni-relations officer, was angrier by the news of The Dartmouth Review, a conservative, racist student-run newspaper, and in a hassle with a founder of the newspaper bit him in the chest.

OOH, GIDDY!

Beast Link, a thirty-one-year-old engineer from Massachusetts, started a dating service for the twenty million men and women who have genital herpes.

OOH, GIDDY TO THE MAX!

Stephen Mulgrew, the manager of a McDonald's in London, was fired after a customer was served french fries with capers, butter, a mustard, ome, and pickle juice malsubst, apple pie with curry powder, and fish sprinkled with pencil sharpenings.



SHUT UP AND GET 'EM OUT THERE

Dolly Parton, announcing the formation of her own line of cosmetics, explained, "Even since I've been a little ugly girl I've been fascinated with make-up.... The compliments which give me the most pleasure are when people comment about my skin...."



THE HONEYMOONES

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon married 2,075 couples, many of them strangers to each other, at Madison Square Garden.



BERT PARKS MEET

Debra Sue Mallett, this year's Miss America, was discovered to have had a nose job in 1980.

CANUCKS SAY THE DARKHOLM THINGS

About to give birth, a thirty-one-year-old woman on an Eastern Airlines flight bowed for Toronto from Atlanta locked herself in the bathroom and refused to disembark at the plane's Buffalo stop. She shouted through the sanitary door, "I want my baby to be Canucked!"

MICHAEL FAGAN AND QUEEN ELIZABETH



FunCouples



JOZANNE AND PETER PULITZER



ALFRED BLOOMINGDALE AND VICKI MORGAN



MARTHA MARATLOK AND HANCI LIEBERMAN

ISS GOOD BUT STINK

Archeologists in York, England, found a piece of dirty laundry that they believe to have been the worst sock of a Viking warrior one thousand years ago.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A TALL, BLOND MALE BETWEEN 850 AND 1,125 YEARS OF AGE. MAY BE NERD.

Consider dangerous. Seriously World magazine reported that the next most likely to be taken by abductors is socks.



WRETCHED EXCESS

Charging forty cents for a twelve-toilet pack, a Danish company introduced Sissal—"chewing gum for the rich."



FUNNY, SHE DOESN'T LOOK JEWISH

Four hundred pets in Hewlett, Long Island, were invited to a "bark mitzvah" for a thirteen-year-old female (not named) Giggie "Lump Lump" Taylor.



SORE LOSER OF THE YEAR

Fleeing for 1984 parole from Solitary prison in California, Sirhan Sirhan said, "If Robert Kennedy were alive today, he would not consider me a candidate for the lead of treatment."

GAG ME, LIZ, WITH A, YOU KNOW, SPORK

David Crystal, a linguistics professor at Toronto's Reading University, claimed that because light, economical English isn't natural, speakers are better understood if they throw in a "ye know," an "I mean," or a "like" here and there. For instance, one can emphasize a point by changing the phrase "John and his friend" to "John and, you know, his friend."

BUT SPORK, NO DUMPTY, LAY LOW

The mystery of George Washington's stolen teeth was partially solved. The jawless—whose disappearance was discovered in June 1981—were found in a storehouse at the Smithsonian Institution. The FBI made no immediate announcement of the discovery, perhaps lying in wait, hoping the proprietor would return to the scene.

20



Subject: Introduction of the 928S
New Power, New Performance, New
Parameters of Comfort and Luxury
in Porsche's Finest

The new 928S embodies this tradition and

is the proud successor to the 928. Consider its aluminum-
alloy V-8 engine. Displacement has been increased to 4.7 liters.

And output has been raised to 234 hp. On the track, with manual transmission,
the 928S accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.2 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of
146 mph. The 928S' innovative design produces balanced front-to-rear weight for improved
cornering and balanced braking. And it creates a high polar moment of inertia for increased directional
control. The 928S' unique Westech rear axle optimizes rear-wheel alignment during deceleration or brak-

ing and while
cornering. A late-
matic effect changes
torque to toe-in in no more
than 0.2 seconds to control oversteer. The

928S' aerodynamic design includes integral front
and rear spoilers to reduce lift and improve road holding. Inside,
standard equipment includes: An adjustable tilt steering column and
instrument cluster. Power steering. Power disc brakes. A power driver's seat. And a
choice of 5-speed manual or new 4-speed automatic transmission. Price at \$43,200*
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Porsche 928S

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NOTHING EVEN CLOSES TO IT



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Title, taxes, transportation, registration and dealer delivery charges excluded. © 1987 Porsche AG.

Special: Exclusive: Unprecedented:

Gala: Event:

THE BEST Dubious Achievement Awards OF AllTime!



WORST PUBLICITY BREAK
FOR ELIZABETH TAYLOR AND
GENE LOCKARD
Meeting in Moscow wearing
the same dress.

WORST HOSTESS OF THE YEAR

Mrs. John T. Regan, leader of the Old Angeleno Inn near the Potomac River, who ejected a group of drunken sailors, including Senator Paul Douglas, Stewart Udall, and Justice William Douglas. "Get off that rug," she yelled to the senators. "Get over there with the women." To Secretary of the Interior Udall she said, "You look like a bum. Get out."

THE TOO-MANY-COFFEE-BREAKS GOLDEN PLaque

Astronaut Walter Schirra chugged that fellow astronaut Jim Glenn had fallen way behind the team because he was kept too busy going around the country making personal appearances.

As *ESQUIRE* ENTERS ITS FIFTIETH YEAR, we look back on the highest of the low points since these ceremonies began twenty-one winters ago. It is with the thanks of a grateful magazine that we offer them up—and with the vain hope that by remembering these lessons of history we need not repeat them.



If we've asked you once,
we've asked you a thousand times:
WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?



GLOOMY STATISTIC
Julie Gaylord has now sang
"Over the Rainbow" 4,858 times.

WORST LOSER OF THE YEAR

David Mervick, who responded to the New York critics' gasping of his show *Saturday Night* for sleeping by finding seven more with the same faces as the critics and publishing an ad featuring rare quotes from the critics.



UNPREDICTABLE CHAOS IN THE PRANKIE LIFE OF A GRAND OLD MAN IN HIS NEGATIVE YEARS

Ex-President Eisenhower, playing golf in Great Britain with three friends, mistakenly played his opponent's ball on the eighteenth hole. Broadcaster Lawrence Welk, after playing golf with the former President, went home by mistake with one of his caddy's sporting bags.

WORST TRICK-OR-TREAT OF THE YEAR

John Birch Society leader Robert Welch struck back at children who collect on Halloween by UNICEF by suggesting that his followers counter with a pamphlet denouncing the United Nations. They were instructed to give a copy to each child who came collecting.



A TWENTY-ONE-GUN SALUTE TO MISS CHRISTINE KEELER
(Bang. Bang.)

PROOF THAT THE WHITE BACKLASH IS STRONGER THAN OIL

A television commercial for Crystal showed two Negro women talking about their week as the mascot says, "When it's whitest you're often... and, near the end, 'Colored things come out nice, too.'"



THIS IS MY BELOVED
Richard Nixon described Elizabeth Taylor to a reporter: "...she has a double chin and an overdeveloped chest and she's rather short in the leg. So I can hardly describe her as the most beautiful creature I've ever seen."

SAD THINGS
Hootenanny's "My son, the..." records. The tear of the Billie Sol Estes home, costing \$20. Zip Code: Multiple-digit during Pop-top beer era.



IN MEMORIAM: Checkers

REQUIRE FOR A MERRY WEIGHT

The following statements were made by Dwight D. Eisenhower this election year:
1. Before the GOP convention: "I am showing no particularity to anyone... I've been completely consistent in this and I have double-crossed no one."
2. At the GOP convention: "It would be very hard to say what my role is or even what I think my role is."
3. After the GOP convention: "The campaign is getting to be a confused state of affairs. I can't define the issues."



QUINDEST CONTOVERSY OF THE YEAR

Tylenol bathing suits



HONEST SOLUTION TO QUINDEST CONTOVERSY OF THE YEAR

John Frederick's hat with flags that never to cover the gol's a tape or bathing suit



I DON'T KNOW, MARTY, WHADDA YOU WANT TO DO TONIGHT?

The marriage of Ernest Borgnine to Ethel Merman lasted exactly five weeks.



THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT!

To Lyndon Johnson let us cheerfully thank his short hair for his publicist's operations and showing us the scene—which we were all so eager to see.

WATCHED EXPENSES

Last season, *Ex* *Widows* came on TV once a week, now it's once. *Pygmalion* appeared twice a week, now it's on three times.

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR

Chris Commission of the New York Mets. .102



AN AL AL COURTESY CARD

To Leroy Brown, who fell out of a San Francisco hotel window while doing an imitation of what he called Soper's. He suffered back injuries and broke an arm.



LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU...



CHUTZPAN OF THE YEAR

On the occasion of Peace Puffs' visit to the United States in October, the South Avenue Deli, a canteen in New York packed a week of bagels, cream cheese, and fix for the pope's homeward flight. The brown-paper package was marked not with HOLY SACRAMENTS



MOST FEARLESS EDITORIAL STAND OF THE YEAR

Left magazine's defense of Bill Moyers for doing the Vatican at a party

EXIT OF THE YEAR: God



HOW ABOUT RONALD REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT?

Astride a babyphone at his residence in the Los Angeles Boulevard Club, the California governor, Unabridged, his left hand on a plate of eggs, uttered the words that may one day be heard around the world: "I, Ronald Reagan, do solemnly swear..."

THE FRUIT THAT FAILED

The banana. As a legal substitute for marijuana it produced laughs of a disappointingly low order.

SPECIAL-CITIZEN-ODDIOUS-ACHIEVEMENT-AWARD-GOING-FOR-A-LIFETIME-TO GEORGE ROMNEY

Two years after a trip to South-east Asia, George Romney announced, "I just had the greatest brainstorming that anyone can get when you go over to Vietnam, not only by the generals, but also by the diplomats corps over there."



THE GEORGE F. ROMNEY PUBLIC-UTTERANCE-MEDALLION

To Twiggly for the following exchange:

Twiggly: Charo? I remember him. I don't really know what it was he did, but he was an adorable old man, a really decent old man—a guy he did.

Reporter: Twiggly, do you know what happened at Honolulu?

Twiggly: Where's that?

A PROPOSAL TO PRINT A U.S. WALT DISNEY POSTAL STAMP IN HONOR OF THE SHOWMAN HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE CITIZENS' STAMP ADVISORY COMMITTEE. AMONG THOSE WHO SUPPORT THE PROPOSAL ARE GOVERNOR REAGAN, SENATOR GEORGE MURPHY, JACK L. WANNER, AND MICHAEL MAYER.

Also Snorpy, Grungy, Doe...



AND IN THIS CORNER, AT 255 POUNDS, IN EXTRA-LARGE TRUNKS...

Ingemar Johansson, once he is pinning a corsetback.

WORST NEW FLAVOR

Mrs. Elmer N. Borgeson Jr. of Kaukauna, Wisconsin, wrote a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post* in praise of Vince Lombardi. Lombardi, Mrs. Borgeson said, would do wonders for America as coach of the nation's capital's team. "Feed away [Lombardi's] head stuff," she wrote, "and you have one more new flavor in Italian sauce."



OH, SHUT UP, SIR

Lombardi, General Lewis B. Hershey made the following remark: "A lot of kids don't care for me, but I think most of them are people I don't know."



LET ME MAKE YOU SMILE...



A TUBE OF CLARASIL—A BIG TUBE

To Jerry Rubin of the Yuppies, who said, "My goal is at the age of thirty-five to act like I'm fifty-two."

ODDIOUS ACHIEVEMENT QUOTE OF THE YEAR

"Get the dang straight once and for all. The policeman isn't there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve disorder."—Mayor Daley

There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music is hot, the taste is Kool. Because there's only one sensation that's refreshing.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kool, King "tar," 1.2 mg./cigarette. Lights 14 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Health Dep. '81.

B777



BILLY CARTER, PRIMATE

B779



WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING, A JALAPENO?

Describing Liane Ross, the first test-tube baby, London's *Daily Mail* reported: "She is not red and wrinkly at all."

FUNNY, WE THOUGHT IT WAS HIS THROATHEAT WHEN IN IDENT GALS, CALIFORNIA

Mickey Rooney married Janet Darlene Chamberlin, his eighth wife, in Thousand Oaks, California.



OHAY, LET'S TAKE A BREAK. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH RENEE RICARDO

Margaret Mercurio spent two weeks in the Amazon jungle in Venezuela shooting an ABC documentary about the Makiritare Indians. Mercurio said of the local tribesmen: "I was the first white woman in the camp. They wanted to touch my breasts to prove I wasn't a man."

WORST NEW FLESH

Grape Kool-Aid with cyanide

DON'T BLAME DESERET!
Thirteen-year-old Lisa French and of Lenoir, North Carolina, formed a painful foreign object on his left foot and, when he consulted a doctor, discovered a tooth growing there.

B779



WHY IS THIS MAN LIMPING?

Because he picked about "Meyersdale's revenge" while visiting Mexico?

Because he was attacked by a killer rabbit while fishing?

Because he changed the part in his hair from the right side to the left?

Because he was being yellow goldmine in Middletown, Pennsylvania?

Because he brought along his wife, who also wore them?

Because he ran twenty-two times around a overboard dock?

Because he had hemorrhoids?

Because he clapped all best and sang out of tune with a gospel group as the White House lawn?

Because he said naughty things about chimpanzees?

Send completed items to Patrick Caddell, c/o The White House, Washington, D.C. No need, no substance, credits.



ATTENTION, BASHIN-PORRINI!

"We are so much alike," said Margaret Trudeau of her new-found companion, singer Lisa Rivlin. "Don't you think we could have a beautiful chocolate-colored daughter together?"

B880



TO SAY MORNING OF YOUR HAIRCUT, YOUR SUITS, YOUR VOICE, YOUR NAME, YOUR EARS, YOUR SON, YOUR SON'S BANG, YOUR REPUTATION IN FRANCE...

Jerry Lewis told Los Angeles magazine that the reason many people hated him was that he was a "multicolored, talented, wealthy, internationally famous genius."

B779



HERE'S YOUR MAT, WHAT'S YOUR MURDER?

In an interview with *The New York Times*, Ronald Reagan promised to resign from the presidency if he went south.

THE 1980 MISS SURMAYS AWAY

To Renee Ritz



WHICH THIN HAS THE TONE?



TOXIC SHOCK SYNDROME: BACTERIA MAGNIFIED THREE MILLION TIMES



I'M VERY VULGARITELI



An advertisement for Kahlúa featuring a bottle of Kahlúa, a glass of cream, and a small teddy bear. The text "KAHLÚA & cream" is at the top, and "frrresh" is at the bottom. A small text block at the bottom left describes the drink and provides contact information.

KAHLÚA
&
cream

"frrresh"

One of the most naturally delicious drinks imaginable, an ounce of Kahlúa, four ounces of cream, or milk, over ice. And, since you make it yourself, a taste as fresh as can be. The Kahlúa recipe book tells all. Do send for it. Our friend, Macdonald-Wright & Sperry Inc., P.O. Box 8925, Gaylord City, CA 94630.

DOCUMENTARY

The War Planners

They go off to work each day to do a job that has no official government description. But their task is clear: to plan the wars of our future—conventional and nuclear

by **Jerrold L. Schecter**
and **Leona P. Schecter**

The eight-box lock on the White House basement will click as the numbered keys are punched. If the combination is correct, there is a loud buzzing sound and the door opens into the Situation Room. Windowless, air conditioned, with indirect lighting, the Situation Room is a twenty-by-twenty-five-foot wooden box deep inside the basement. It is designed for thought, discussion, and secret national-security decisions. Its blood-elm walls are smooth and bare. Curtains are drawn over classified briefing maps and charts. Around a four-inch-thick elm table, in swivel chairs upholstered in red wood, sit the nation's War Planners, slipping coffee from white Styrofoam cups. These are the men who go to work every day to plan nuclear wars. They design the threats in what former Secretary of Defense Harold Brown called the "cosmic dice game" we play with Moscow. Incrimination is the penalty for a bad roll, but the War Planners do not hesitate or flinch.

There is no Office of War Planning and no formal government description of the War Planners' job, but their mission is clear and their power is real: their task is to run the administration's global military thinking and to plan strategy—conventional and nuclear. The War Planners do not buy arms, plan battles, or deploy forces; they formulate policy and send their recommendations on to the President.

The War Planners are neither Republicans nor Democrats in particular; they are at home in any administration that believes in the threat of Soviet superpowers. They are an elite whose views on global military thinking, including nuclear war, form a continuity of analysis.

It is difficult to find names for the War Planners' intellectual godfathers. If the aggressive stance is symbolized by hawk and the conciliatory by dove, then their stance is hawkish. Hawk can be misleading, however, for the term calls up the image of a sweating hard-liner who breathes fire, flouts racism

Jerrold L. Schecter is the Washington editor of *Esquire*.
Leona P. Schecter is a Washington writer.

together, and again for a fight. The War Planners, unlike Dr. Strangelove, do not live the lonely, shut arguments against to be logical and sane. They despise the label *hawk*, considering it an emotional blinder to the reality, the rational analysis, and the buildup of strength necessary to counter the Soviet challenge.

The War Planners have been called from the ranks of academia—Harvard, MIT, Cal Tech, and Columbia—and from such think tanks as the Brookings Institution, the Hudson Institute, and the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California.

The early War Planners were led by legendary nuclear theorist Paul Nitze, and during the Nixon and Ford administrations, by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. Under Carter the War Planners, led by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, dominated the National Security Council, where they spent much of their time leading Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and his associates, who had a more benign view of the USSR. The War Planners' message has been spread in Congress by Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson, Democrat from Washington, and his followers, who campaigned against SALT and détente.

The Reagan administration's War Planners, who have strong links to the Rand Corporation, have gathered under the banner of Defense Secretary Casper W. Weinberger. The seat for strategic policy conception and influence has now shifted from the White House to the Pentagon. Weinberger is supported by Undersecretary of Defense for Policy Fred C. Ikle and his peers, which includes Richard M. Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, Francis J. (Bugs) West Jr., Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and John F. Lehman Jr., Secretary of the Navy.

The Reagan War Planners have worked together for years on the Republican right and behind Senator Jackson, seeking tougher terms on trade and arms agreements with Moscow. They are united in their overarching view of how the U.S. should deal with Moscow, and it is the strength of this belief that has kept these men together. Now their former government friends hold their offices at the executive E-ring of the Pentagon, with polished name plaques, rotating seats of accretion, and columns in military order.

Unlike the War Planners of past administrations, who worked off in the wings, quietly plotting the destruction of our enemies, Reagan's inner-hall winged center stage. They provide the heavy ideological weaponry for Secretary Weinberger and the President. Combining conventional and nuclear war strategy with an economic strategy against the USSR, the War Planners have given the main thrust to Reagan's foreign policy. The resulting deter-



HEAD WAR PLANNERS: Secretary of Defense Casper W. Weinberger (left) and Undersecretary of Defense for Policy Fred C. Ikle

ation of relations with the USSR has brought over diplomatic exchanges of views to a virtual standstill. Negotiations on strategic arms are likely to remain stalemated during the Reagan team's term of office while the U.S., acting on their recommendations, builds up conventional forces and renews its nuclear arsenal. To finance this buildup, the administration wants us to convert ourselves to spending \$1.6 trillion on defense over the next five years. That means \$2.6 trillion less for education, roads, national parks, urban renewal, and crime control. And, since the arms budget will be paid for out of our taxes, we'll be left with less for food, clothing, housing, and healthcare. But, warn the War Planners, unless we make sacrifices, the quality of our lives will disappear in the Great Madman Cloud.

Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, is also a creative amateur chef who likes to cook at home for friends. He wears muslin over the Soviet's behavior in Afghanistan and Poland while he stirs a sauce mousseline. Undersecretary of Defense for Policy Fred Ikle, a frequent guest, cracks a dry, dry joke, playing the chess knight of the same old against the latest Soviet efforts to escape verification of their missile tests. In jet-set weekend days, Ikle and Secretary of the Navy John Lehman are their way through France's three-star restaurants together. Now the most exclusive table they sit at is in the Simulacra Room, where they ponder national security problems and consider their counterparts in Moscow. Like generals who keep pictures of opposing generals in their seats, they try to lather the other side's capabilities and intentions and do just how to deter them or, if necessary, overthrow and defeat them. They are the Defense Secretary's top analytical and intellectual staff, and they grind out the balance-of-force assessments, the policy papers, the speeches, and the press-conference answers that form the core of the Reagan administration's defense policies. They coordinate U.S. policy with that of our NATO allies and position U.S. forces around the world. They plan the mobilization of manpower in wartime and the activation of the nation's leadership in case of a nuclear attack. Or, as given out, the War Planners could be found formulating arms packages for the Middle East, preparing papers on how we should negotiate for the removal of intermediate-range nuclear weapons from Europe, or clarifying the arguments Secretary Weinberger will present to Congress for more spending on conventional forces.

The War Planners' day is scheduled with back-to-back meetings from 6:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. The secretaries bend their necks, peering inside each other's offices, and when and where to appear. A typical day

The Power of the Trance

One man's experience with self-hypnosis suggests there's something in it for everyone

by THOMAS B. MORGAN

This is about how I learned self-hypnosis.

I am a writer, and I was in the process of writing my second novel. Or, rather, I was not writing it. I learned self-hypnosis to help myself write the novel!

Don't think I'm not wary about making this confession. Hypnosis has a certain nebulous respectability today, but experience teaches that self-hypnosis at the end of your cocktail nap takes better than jacket cuffs.

A psychiatrist taught me self-hypnosis more than two years ago, and now I really do write more easily, speak at public less fearfully, fight my weight a bit better, control pain more effectively, get up like the first time in my slumped bed without two-along clocks, fall asleep faster, overcome boredom at the gym, on airplanes, and in long movie lines, and more.

I have not yet used self-hypnosis to lower blood pressure, eliminate fear of flying, stop smoking (I smoke only one cigar a day), or prevent sex, but I've met people who have. The schools of medicine back them up: The American Medical Association recognizes hypnosis as "a [valuable] therapeutic adjunct," especially in the treatment of stress-related diseases. The new respectability of hypnosis has a lot to do with the success of the con-

tinued. B. Morgan has contributed many articles to *Esquire*. He is just finishing a novel entitled *Stephen's Walk*.



THE AUTHOR DEMONSTRATES HOW HE BEGINS A "WORKING DREAM"

conscious movement over the past twenty years—drug use and T.D. to alpha waves. But hypnosis benefited some people even back when it was disreputable. Self-hypnosis helped me to write, perhaps it will help you, too. After all, writing is just one of life's many stress-related diseases.

How shall I describe self-hypnosis? I don't want to exaggerate. For one thing, it is a temporary, self-managed altered state of consciousness that can make the resources of your brain and body and persona more responsive to your needs. Looked at another way, self-hypnosis is a natural phenomenon that helps you follow your own suggestions, listen to your own intuitions, and submit to your own commands (don't that what you've always wanted to do?) just as the hypnotized subject in a one-to-one clinical session responds to the authority of a professional hypnotist during and after a trance. In self-hypnosis, you are both subject and hypnotist. Truly as well as foretold. But, again, there's a limit to what you will do morally as well as physically as well as intellectually, therefore things you can do simply because you want to do them.

Defensively, I will also admit there can be less here than meets the eye. Self-hypnosis in creative self therapy may enable you to decide more easily how to solve a problem, reach a new decision, or write what you want to write—but not necessarily to do any of these things better or more wisely.

Still not all, it does enable that much. And that's not bad for a technique that most people can learn in minutes and practice for a lifetime. I should add that you may learn this normal introspective tool. It shouldn't cost more than a visit or two to your doctor or to someone he recommends. Think of it? No group sessions, no drugs, no prescriptions or otherwise, no discipline, no lot rules, no verbal or nonverbal, no mantra, rock music, or woo-woo paraphernalia, no hangovers or regrettable, no sex talk or sex jokes, no ego testing, railing, or ideological backsliding, and no dirty, deterministic, or Big Brotherish Self-hypnosis, talks, or chips, healing, promises, and useful, and it travels well through space and time. Moreover, it feels good.

Like what? It is often associated with the sleep metaphor of stage hypnotists. I've even seen some people just getting along, SLEEPY?" but it is not at all like sleep. If the face alone goes off, you just get out of your chair and walk to the nearest exit. In hypnosis, you are wide-awake but focused within yourself. It is not a wide-bracketed or waking sleep, it would be more like it, a kind of benevolent hyper-

THINK OF IT! NO GROUP SESSIONS, NO DOPE SMOKE, NO HOT TUBS, NO WOODOO PARAPHERNALIA, SELF-HYPNOSIS, FOLKS, IS CHEAP, HEALTHY, PAINLESS, AND USEFUL, AND IT TRAVELS WELL THROUGH SPACE AND TIME. MOREOVER, IT FEELS GOOD.

perfection was a great part of the process, and the fear of failure the rest of it. I was never any further. Often a sleepless night, yellow with fatigue, I would meet my deadline when, only hours before (sometimes after weeks of effort and as many as a dozen drafts and countless first attempts) I had felt a click that somehow enabled me to shuffle the deck of my knowledge one more time and deal out a gut hand—the perfect lead, the show's tone, the appropriate order, and the punch ending. It certainly wasn't only the money, the by-line, and the glory that kept me going. I don't think it was only travel and adventure, either. Rather, it seems to have been the profound pleasure of it, at last, each time, getting it done right.

The click, I believe, was an inspiration from my unconscious mind for preconscious, if there is such a thing! That surely came without a struggle and without a little on a lot, my powers of conscious thought had been pretty well exhausted.

One peaceful Sunday afternoon two weeks after I had started the first draft of a profile of Roy Cohen and Bruce Springsteen's Monday-morning deadline with nothing written, I took myself to see the movie *Thelma & Louise*. I was so far from, even Alan Roman seemed to me. Cohen as Louise into the movie. I found myself involuntarily thinking about Roy Cohen—oh—and the profile's entire structure became clear in my mind, the first sentence actually wrote before my mind's eye, the tone of the voice just so I filed it to my desk, where I sat with a blank room the next day, making prewriting, writing it all down almost as though someone else were dictating to me.

Another time, after a series of interviews at Daytona with President Achmed Subeno and two days of night to write a little sleep typing in a Singapore hotel room, I filed a piece on morning coffee for Life. That afternoon my agent called from New York to say that the editors of Life, for whom I had never worked before, loved the piece and wanted a couple of interviews with an "ultra-early" in-morning lifestyle or longer it. By two A.M., with only six hours to go, I knew the piece had become too "ultra-early" had come. However, I then myself on my bed, rolled over on my back, and tried to sleep. I drifted off into a state of unconscious and, somehow, the piece I had been less than, I knew I could have, wrote. Moments later, as I lay quite dead, an image of a puffing Salsara came into my mind—oh—and I saw how I might succeed where more effort in the typewriter. By eight A.M., I had written nearly four thousand words. I lied there,

consciousness that lets you concentrate, not only concentrate, on a matter of importance without outside jostle at the beginning or anywhere at the end, and all under your control.

That is the point. Psychiatrically, to describe the event in hypnosis as a trance. I accept the word, but it is misleading, because it describes the event only from the observer's viewpoint. To most people, however, probably suggests a spaced-out person dropping out or away from reality, letting go, feeling toward zero—whereas, you are, in your trance, more very much, you are in a vivid state of consciousness. You are still in the real world, working on a real problem. You are in charge.

In general usage, the word trance means that state of duration. It suggests free control where, in your experience, it may mean that you have been convinced over your life that you believe. It can, I believe, connect your unconscious to your problems. And it, either within the trance or soon after, you find new ideas, new combinations of old ideas, unexpected words of thought, or simply more courage to go on, you will know hypnosis has been working.

More than two years ago it started working for me, after a long dry spell when nothing else would.

In the first twenty years of my work here, from 1980 to 1996, I wrote more than 250 magazine articles, some documentary film screenplays, and several books, including a novel called *The Second Story*. I spent much of that time, along with my time, in a state of unconscious or writing about what I thought. The desire for

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THE PLAYBOY CLUB

His death typifies me again. When months later, in September 1980, I finished the second draft of the novel, in that time I would have dreamed that had I not been so withdrawn and so lacking any focus, I would have been able to follow the flow of ideas contained, some days better than others, and there were no zeros. The clock problem disappeared. It seems to have been a kind of another miracle. I had been so much experimented with self-behavior at the dentist's, before giving a speech, when I began, threatened during my forlornly on the Scripps diet, and nonetheless, I was able to do it. I was saying: In every case, I felt things had gone better than I had expected. So now I have a routine available for my speech situation, my own somewhat illustrated version of the speech situation I had heard from Spang. It goes like this:

First, say, close closed, my left hand raised, it falls only a moment in my very close to imagine a beautiful field and it's by my hand the right side of my mouth, the right side of my mouth, old friends, well... that makes part of "me,"

DURING HYPNOSIS I FEEL A SURGE OF CONFIDENCE, AS THOUGH I HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY MYSELF TO CREATE. I FEEL I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A MEASURE OF CONTROL OVER THE PAIN OF PERFECTIONISM. AND I GET SOMETHING ON PAPER ALMOST EVERY DAY.

On one occasion I happened to find myself involved in a conflict with one of my friends. We had trapped ourselves between a rock and a hard place, seemingly without options. We were stubborn and fighting. Then, as I recall, I asked the two of us to stop for a moment and to think of justice characters joined us. And the next day, in the middle of a writing stint, an elegant solution to the lovely problem came to me. And an occasion not long ago, after another brief interlude in self hypnosis, I had several pages of my water colors, my first ever.

But above all, most constant for me has been the impetus for any writing. During hypnosis or might also, I almost invariably feel a sense of confidence, as though I have been given the gift of the power to do the same time, I feel I will be able to gain a measure of control over the pain of personal loss and the fear of failure. And I get something on paper almost every day.

The one irony I can't not make at the time of writing is that I am not a very good character when it comes to body writing. The now-faded lead creel method might well produce a better novel than the one I am writing, or the same one, or something else. In fact, as I noted briefly in April 1980, I

This raises a question of discontinuity. Old method includes new method, as we write. The new method not only dates the books you write but also prevents creation by the old method of an alternative for immediate comparison. Whether, as Spangl says, I have a gift from God can't be known until I have a body of new work created over time with the aid of hypertext.

in-compete with all that came before. But right now the pleasure of getting my work done is all it takes enough to justify the risk, Paumotu, Frenchia, or otherwise. So much for discontinuity.

For better or worse, hypnosis always seems to work for me. It works during the trance period. And, what makes it distinct from any of the new techniques of mind-control, it works during normal consciousness for the duration of the so-called posthypnotic state. In the latter it functions rather like a form of subconscious thinking, earned on below the level of mind awareness until a result, in other words, a solution manifests itself in conscious thought.

Hypnosis may be no more than a quirky aspect of the thought process. Or does it represent a more profound aspect of our mentality? Both possibilities occurred to me after my first session with Spiegel, and I've been talking to people and reading about hypnosis ever since, trying to understand it. Our knowledge of how hypnosis works and hypnosis works is very limited, but it is that the most interesting period has just begun.

Two hundred years ago in Europe, hypnosis entered the Western scene as a therapeutic agent, the discovery of a Strasbourg doctor named Anton Mesmer, of Vienna, who told people he had found a cure for "darkness of the nerves." He believed in something called "animal magnetism," which led him to go deeper, compile theories in journals which he "published." Hypnosis as "mesmerism" captivated Europe for a while but soon fell into medical disrepute and survived only as entertainment on the

Then, more than a century ago, Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, found that he could induce amnesia in suggestible patients with certain techniques of suggestion. He called these techniques hypnosis, after the Greek word for sleep. Later, hypnosis found its way into Sigmund Freud's study, where it was a gainful tool in therapy for psychological disorders. It intrigued Freud, but its uses were only temporary, he thought, and its uses limited, so he rejected it. Most doctors in Europe and America had already dismissed hypnosis as merely a tool of voodoo-like superstition and had no room for it in their curricula. Freud's injury reduced the need for a station of hypnosis to meet any.

Nevertheless, in World War I hypnosis was used successfully to treat shell shock. In World War II, as practiced by my friend Spiegel and other combat doctors, it proved effective against battle fatigue and

many other war neuromes. And after 1945 it slowly but surely shed its aura of show business and recognition to win full status as a fit subject for scientific research. The AMA first gave its blessing to hypnosis as a "therapeutic agent" in the 1950s, and in 1987 the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis was formed, largely as a result of organizing efforts by Dr. Milton Erickson, a pioneer psychiatrist-hypnotist. Today ASCH has over four thousand members.

In 1971 a book called *Uncommon Therapy*, by Jay Haley, described Erickson's unusual, psychiatric techniques and said much more widely than was expected. It advanced the use of hypnosis, among other therapies, in the short-term clinical treatment of the ordinary problems of people within the cycle of family life. Spreading the word of Erickson's success, the book helped raise the medical prestige of hypnosis to new heights.

At last, toward the end of the 1970s, hypnosis came into its own. The chicken-and-egg of it was this: more and more people could be hypnotized because more and more people were learning that hypnosis could help people. Books and magazine articles of the Me Generation, popularizing all kinds of mind-control techniques, played a key role in creating this link between credibility and hypnotizability. *Wrote me in Psychology Today, for example:*

Daniel Goleman reported: "Hypnosis can be helpful with any ailment where tension and anxiety are factors: allergies, hypertension, colitis, eczema, impotence, frigidity, asthma, migraine, insomnia, obesity, menstrual problems, and longer, to name a few." And as a result of such endorsements, many researchers believe, hypnosis became more helpful in the treatment of these ailments.

Today the medical prestige of hypnosis is greater than ever. Its probable discovery for the future was described by Daniel Aron, an Erickson disciple, in a paper entitled "The New Hypnosis," which he presented at the annual convention of the American Psychological Association in 1968. Aron heralded a "new breed of hypnotists" who believe "hypnosis is a natural state of mind, better understood in terms of two familiar

functions—imagination and self-suggestion." The new breed, according to Freud, has shifted from "hypothesizability," in which the client was assessed as possessing or not possessing the talent for hypnosis, to "hypnotizability," in which the burden is on the clinician "to find the idiosyncratic way for the client to learn how to use self-hypnosis.... Every normally intelligent person with the right attitude and motivation can learn self-hypnosis—as one has learned to read and write, to speak a foreign language, or to play a musical instrument."

So the tilt of the new breed is toward the Enrichsonians, who tend to believe: virtually everyone is lysosomal. (The legendary

Enriquez is said to have hypnotized audiences full of people.) But if Enriquez is pragmatic, the real key to the future is self-hypnosis, about which there is already a consensus among most clinicians: they say that hypnosis is self-hypnosis. However, none of them, it seems to me, have offered a satisfactory answer as to why the technique works.

That "hypnosis is a natural state of mind, better understood in terms of two familiar reactions: 'imagination and self-suggestion' is a theory apparently based on the widely held medical-scientific view that consciousness is an *accident*—a product of genetic evolution. In this view, hypnosis, a version of consciousness, is therefore inherent in mankind because consciousness is *inherent*.

But if this is true, why does the hypnotic state seem unique and why is its aftereffect so much more productive than conscious thought? Why has hypnosis enabled me to connect so much more easily with my unconscious?

The answers to those questions that have expressed me most turned up in a 1997 book called *The Origins of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Symmetrical Mind*, by John Jaynes, a research psychologist at Princeton University. Considering synopses, Jaynes finds reports "the specific 'how' and 'why' and a coherent

argument that hypnosis is no more than an expression of social human suggestibility. Instead, Jaynes holds that hypnosis is a specific alteration of mind that is

Before the first of several epidemics in c. 1400, the Japans theory goes, man was controlled by the extreme loudness of his brain—he functioned hearing voices

scarcely more the right hemisphere of his preconscious brain, telling him through the obedient left hemisphere how to behave under conditions of stress and change. These voices were "rational" hallucinations, originally the recombined fragments of a dream, and later, later, later, later the words of the gods. Increasing social complexity and multiple natural calamities compelled man to make better decisions in order to survive and cope. Payton says, So man had to intrapsych: He had to learn to be conscious. And in learning to be conscious, consciousness broke down—and the voices gradually relinquished control, except in certain vestigial capacities we have retained. You can examine this in schizophrenia," Payton says, "and in the language of Freud, and experience this with words, and experience this with words."

The gift of self-hypnosis is thus the leftover "of an earlier, more authoritarian (disciplinary) type of behavior control." And if

has a true, then in hypnosis we are hearing our own voice as the voice we must use "to subordinate ourselves into being what we really wish to be." For a writer, that wish would be to write—to find his own voice, as the saying goes.

"Of course," he said, "self-hypnosis adds to our potential of what we can be by controlling our consciousness. This is a dramatic point in our history when we can decide what we want to be. Our potential is

Joyner's reply was firm: "There is no liberation in Freudian analysis. We must get rid of it. I can imagine psychologists opening people up to what they can do with their consciousness—to bring them into a new world with a new kind of self-control."

I would not agree that we must let go of Freud's hand in order to take Jaynes's. Anyone considering hypnosis, I think, should consult a competent psychologist as well as read Jaynes's wonderful book. It seems to me that no one has yet solved the mystery of the connection hypnosis makes between the conscious and the unconscious. All I can do is describe what happens to me.

Just last night, stuck for an ending for an article, I decided to consider the problem as a trance. I hypothesized myself quickly: feet up, eyes closed, two deep breaths, left hand floating. Instead of my familiar landscape, I "saw" a green hilltop, some trees, the bird in the tree on the right, and the usual group of friends, relatives, and fictional characters who were playing, at all times, croquet.

Quintin says again: "Problem solving is a piece of croquet. You smack your ideas from inside to outside! You croquet! Those that smack your program, and you play on and on until you smack the end, which is also the beginning. Keep on croqueting, and you'll find the end." Quintin is serious or a little surprised. "I don't know if I'm a better or a lesser support." Then, quick disclaimer, back to the old member looking under a clear blue sky I heard myself give the water a huge, whole, wide, ripe, green watermelon. "I said to myself! 'The problem-solving resources of the conscious mind are to those of the unconscious mind as the green skin is to the whole watermelon.' Keep about that, yes." The watermelon metaphor so pleased me. I decided to end my working hours with the word "watermelon" in my journal, as my consciousness, a state, led to my next consciousness, a state, led to my next state. The next

And I feel right about it, which is the best way to feel if you are a writer. ☺

Nine-to-Five Poker

Hanging out
with Too Tight Tom,
a pro

BY
PETER N. NELSON

If you don't fly into Tahoe, Reno, or Las Vegas in the winter, you have to drive through serious stretches of hemiclined, post-west-fist lakes, through irregular leading shaggy, horned-bellied cattle and acutely semi-closed horses, a driving of some on the tops and southern exposures of the hills. You are in the American West, the Great Basin, country where you can drive an hour at night without seeing a single light in any direction you look except up. Stars.

You might be newswriter who can't really afford this trip, or an itinerant couple who can, or a thirty-year-old recently divorced and career-lapsed in a 1986, or a conventional undisciplined a little work, a little play at what the Reno Convention Authority estimates will be about \$100 a day. Maybe you're a Montana wheat farmer shaking a bad case of cabin fever, figuring you're pretty smart and can gamble with the best of them.

After hours of nothingness, you drive over a hill, out of the massive western dark, and into Colorado, which has more light bulbs than there are stars. You are excited, and, in a way, you've already been had, because you are out of one kind of wilderness and into another.

If you are a tourist and if you plan to play poker, then directly or indirectly you are going to owe your money to Tom Hood. If you are not, you are going because Tom is someone who called to say come visit—someone, you find out over the alcohol, who has just won \$28,000 in a poker tournament down the road in Lake Tahoe. That is a good time to visit anybody.

TOM HOOD, TWENTY-SEVEN, THIN, BLOND, AND BALANCE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL IT takes several days to reach, is from Coos Bay, Oregon. He played it, and then helped run, a poker game in Eugene, working his way through college. He started out as an elite architecture student but came down with a bad case of academic entrapment. Once apart card read WIPY, for Withdrawing, Incomplete, Part, and No Reason for Grade. It eventually made more sense to go to Reno and play poker than go to college and play statistics. In 1979, with \$3,000 in his pocket, Tom and his girlfriend Cindy moved to Reno. Last fall she returned to Portland seeking a chance to apply her business degree, as well as people from a life-style magazine to Peter N. Nelson's house last spring in Eugene, and recently in October ("Letters to the Editor World") He has an M.P.A. from the State of Oregon and just completed a novel.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL GOODMAN

Tom Hood
IN THE PITTS OF TEMPTATION, HE'LL PLAY A SHIRT OF POKER FROM NINE P.M. TO FIVE A.M. AND TAKE HOME MONEY. HE SAYS HE CAN PREDICT EXACTLY WHAT HE'LL WIN IN A YEAR.

nothing but sympathy. Tom smiles at me and it's contagious. He's a caring guy. By four we are all at Tom's room drinking. Karla and watching the snow fall from twelve floors up. As is tradition, we drain our glasses and then throw them out the window.

"Jane asks if we have a car. I'm thinking," she says. "Why don't we all go back to our place? What do you think? It's really, really beautiful, it's on the North Shore, and it has a Jacuzzi and everything."

"Yeah," Tom says. The roads are slippery, but we make it. We throw our coats on a chair. It's about five.

"Where's the hot tub?" Tom says. One of the super dikes is asleep on the couch. His bare feet stick out from under the blanket.

"Shh," Jane whispers. "It's downstairs." We follow her on tiptoe. Mary brings up the car. Jane turns a light on. "There it is," she whispers, pointing. "We can't use it, though—I'll wake people up." She turns the light off.

Upstairs again, Mary tells us she's tired, says goodnight, and goes somewhere. We don't know where Jane goes.

"You guys can sleep in there," she says. She leads us into a room with two beds set up. My impulse is to burst out laughing. Tom's is not.

"To sleep," she says. "You guys can sleep in there," she says.

"Gosh," she says. "You guys can sleep in there," she says.

"I guess they needed a safe home," I say. "You know, they never did. We could actually see the hot tub—just that just did it."

"Unbelievable," he repeats. "What would make guys do in a situation like that?"

"I don't know," I say. "But it's too far to drive back, and I'm a taxi."

"Well," he says, "you want the bed with the pink sheets, or the one green with the frogs on it?"

Driving back the next afternoon, Olive Newton-John comes on the radio. Tom turns it off. "Let's get out of here," he says. "Let's get out of here." The best-laid plan, it seems to me, is the ones you don't even consider.

TOM PLAYS ALL THAT HEART AND SOUL nearly \$2,000. It's all in a day's work. When a transient from Seattle hits a solo machine in Vegas for \$400,000, he says Morgan David all around, books the penthouse suite in every hotel at once, and parties for three weeks with the cast of the Moulin Rouge review, becoming generous thoughtful tips on the act's girls and all it's time to go, he has a big black tow, which drives him back to Seattle and deposits him, penniless, on the Bowery,

home sweet home. The first services into the same sanctuary it came from, and that's that. When Tom wins, it's part of an ongoing reality. The only "voluntary" I can tell him and is coaching the late Melissa Manchester concert at Caesars. It turns out she is twice the show she used to be, and half the performer. Full of the best and polished, her guitar that ap-

Predictably, Tom's health is falling apart, cellular loan sharks inside him making him pay his sleep debts.

actly goes with playing Vegas or Tahoe. The pleasure seems to be wearing off. The next night, the game are all small and slow. Tom plays in lower and lower.

"Tom's been at a group out of it. It's not just that he is entering his fourth week of tournament poker. Cindy phoned from Portland just to talk. She's doing fine, but the oil reminds Tom of a time when things were more stable, clearer, warmer. And, predictably, his health is falling apart. It's cellular loan sharks inside him trying to make him pay his sleep debts. He tells me, however, that he'd be crazy to quit with action this big.

The remaining night of official competition, a huge crowd watches Doc Stewart of Las Vegas win the \$50,000 buy-in or limit field tournament, the big one, the Super Bowl itself. Doc takes home nearly \$500,000 in winnings. He tells reporters he owes it all to Doyle Brunson's book. He says the first thing he's going to do with the money is pay his taxes. He says he's just a simple ex, nose, and those doctors who plays anonymously, just travels home games. He wears the sweat shirt he wears. On his wrist, there's a gold watch with a circle of large diamonds encircling the face. There must be good reason to stop him.

Doc closes the show down, posing and posturing with the cameras. Nearby, Tom

is in a one hundred-two hundred game. He figures he'll stay in Tahoe until the high rollers go home or until his arms fall off. It shouldn't take more than a day or two. Then he wants to go somewhere warm—Arizona, or maybe Mexico. I tell him if he wants to talk strategy, it's in my office, the lounge again, but only relatively calm, quiet place in the casino.

In a dark corner booth, I recognize Bobby Baldwin, generally regarded as one of the best of second poker players, if not the best, with a broad repertoire of games and skills. He's alone in the booth, sitting at a break but he's not sleeping alone. He wears his glasses off and rubs his eyes. Ask him what his secret is and he'll say it's his family. This doesn't sound at all like a trade. He's one of the few happily married poker players, some believe estimate the figure to be as low as 5 or 10 percent. Bobby Baldwin has a wife, kids, a home, and a business in Tulsa. Nothing will ever make him as much money as quickly as poker, but that alone would not be enough.

In another booth is a different kind of player, a true legend, the way Tom describes him, a slender, hustler named Jerry G., who came to Nevada with a few thousand dollars, as Tom did, and out in a few months. When he plays poker, he plays only in whatever game is highest and fastest, against whatever it looks easiest to beat. He manages his money and rarely makes a bet he doesn't already know he's going to win. In other words, he doesn't gamble. He never lets up, comes back you're more than just a little, never shows his hand, is always calculating, handpicking, setting himself up for something, and when he says "Pass the salt," he's trying to use low money to tell he can get them out of the game in his choice. Jerry G. doesn't really have a hand in the world.

You know Tom, would prefer to end up like Bobby Baldwin. He says Tom's biggest advantage is that he's still connected to the real world. His money still means something. Tom has always claimed to have had with his weapons, design a house and build it and live there with a wife—a family even. The money is, while he is in the best possible place to finance his dream, he is in the worst possible place to realize it.

It turns his friends into Jewish mothers. The most obvious advice is "Find a nice girl, get a real job, why don't you, settle down. This would not hurt you." It's impossible to play without him then without.

Tom says, "And even if you change your mind every five minutes." So what kind of life is that for a grown man to live? Think of the future... the long run.

Tom comes and sits down next to me. "What'll you bet?" he says. "Anything you want. Money's no object."

It helps to remember that Tom makes his living thinking about the long run, and that if he continues to live off poker, he's gambling less than most of us.

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Young women are attracted to older men, right? Well, yes—at least until they aren't

"I'M TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN you," she says. "I mean, twenty years younger. I don't know if it's a problem for you, but for me it is."

"Isn't he me?"

"That's what I said. That it wouldn't be—might not. And it's not that I don't like you."

"Or that I love you."

"See? This particularly scares me. Because I know you do. While I don't love you like you, yes. But twenty years. Miss. Almost twenty-one. You were born in May, I'm in November."

"Let's call it an even twenty-one."

"As even twenty-one. It's so much. Tell me what you really think about it."

"What do you think? That I wish it weren't a problem with you and that we should continue seeing each other despite the difference in our ages?"

"See each other, perhaps, but not sleep with each other."

"See and sleep both. Or just sleep with each other. We can do everything in the bed."

"Don't joke. I'm in no mood."

"What is it? You don't like my lowering myself?"

"No, I do, I do. But you're forty-two. I'm not even twenty-one. I'm a half year from being twenty-one. So that's actually twenty-one and a half years' difference, not twenty. Why'd I always think it was only twenty?"

"Maybe because I was always relating to it as twenty. Not to make it less. Only be-

cause what the hell's a year and a half mean in all that?"

"And if you were forty-three and a half to my twenty-one and a half, or I were cancerized so hell to your forty-two, that wouldn't make any more of a difference to you?"

"There is probably an extreme somewhere in age differences between couples. Somewhere where the relationship doesn't work. Thirty years' difference, maybe, when the woman or man's twenty. Again thirty years' difference when the woman or man's thirty. So I suppose thirty years' difference is the beginning of the divorce."

"I don't agree. And I think that from tonight—I know that from tonight onward, it has to be over with us, all right?"

"What can I say to complicate?"

"Then you won't phone me, write, or any of those things?"

"So it's both? No sleep or sex? You don't even want to be just friends?"

"Friends if we really need each other—in six months, maybe more. But I won't need you. I've got my parents, and good friends. And you're a very nice man, very desirable too. There must be lots of women ten to fifteen years younger or older than you or the same age who'd like to have you as their lover, husband, or friend. You should ever get married and have the baby you say you always wanted so much before it's too late."

STEPHEN DIXON is teaching at Johns Hopkins University. His fourth collection of short stories, *Shadows*, will be published next fall by North Point Press.

by Stephen Dixon



SHE'S IN HOT PURSUIT OF LIFE; THE LAST THING SHE NEEDS IS LOVE UNDERFOOT.

GENE LYONS *was an orphan of ethnicity and place, and needed to invent a place to live. He has done just that, in a place as strongly flavored and provincial as it's possible for a contemporary American city to be:*

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

WHY I LIVE WHERE I LIVE

WHY LITTLE ROCK? MOST people would don't only want to know "Why on earth?" or "Why, of all places?" in the way I casually asked. To such inquiries I've learned to give the shortest and least provocative of answers: "My wife was raised here. That usually does it."

But moving to Arkansas wasn't her idea. Let's put it this way: due to the circumstances of my birth and upbringing, as they say in eighteenth-century society, I needed to invent a place to live. Mine is a simple tale of discovery, very typical of my generation—the one born around World War II.

I was raised in New Jersey, a dense and very particular place to the straitly Irish Catholic grammar class I come from, but an up-place, at least a place between places, to me. First Elizabeth, a decaying industrial port city, then, when I was on the edge of adolescence, my lively parent's great postwar migration to Beaver River country, buying a large, low-apartment investment out of home in the only tacky neighborhood of a suburb I've or so miles inland. As far as our relatives in Elizabeth were concerned, it might as well have been Utah. We got seeing them except on ceremonial occasions, which became fewer as numbers each year. We also quit going to church every Sunday. My father had to work and my mother couldn't drive. There were the last of generations. Religious and ethnic bias, along with class superiority, prevented my parents from making any choice at all in the suburbs. So strong was their sense of who and what they were, at center seemed to have separated to them that in such circumstances their children's sense of who and what they were would fade. An orphan of ethnicity and place, I needed to invent a place to live. Many Americans don't feel the need, but I did.

It didn't have to be Arkansas, but that's how it worked out. I found its backwoodsness appealing. Arkansas lends the notion in the production of (reading and) work, all the other members by which demographers and journalists purport to measure the quality of life are embarrassing. We sit at or near the bottom of the states in per capita income, literacy rate, quality of housing, teacher salaries, and number of physicians, libraries, and museums, and we lead the rest in the incidence of venereal disease and unwed teenage mothers. We rank forty-eight in the general list of state and local taxes, yet the electronic dinosaurs for cars. You will hear themselves—no still have them—say, "Thank God for Mississippi."

Gene Lyons is a contributing editor of *Yemassee* and a frequent contributor to *Harper's* and *Newsweek*. This is his first appearance in *Esquire*.

issippi" because our neighbor to the east takes up even lower in some respects than we do and has even worse wage problems. But Mississippians reserve the compliment, I'm told, and call a phrase best for voting machine as Arkansas credit card. A few years ago when a local women's group made some noise about Memphis and Little Rock running one-two in the statistical rape capitals of the United States, a city director asked that we put their greater guilt than anywhere else. He has since been re-elected. Arkansas is never mentioned on the network news unless something awful or embarrassing has happened.

Arkansas is the smallest state west of the Mississippi in land area but comprises several distinct geographical regions—from the Ozark and Ouachita mountains, thickly forested, sparsely populated, and running with white-water creeks, to the undulating bayous of the south and east, shallow, murky, and inhabited by water moccasins and alligators.

Although Arkansas was part of the Confederacy, only the plantation country near the Mississippi was fully settled at the time of the Civil War. The rest was—and, some would argue, still is—a frontier. Certainly nobody ever talks about the wonderful antebellum days, and the very idea of an Arkansas antebellum is preposterous. Indeed, until I just wrote the phrase, I'd never heard it. What you will hear is that a man "has enough money to burn a wet male" or that a woman is "so ugly she'd make a housewife take a dirt road." My wife is a city girl in a place where the words city and country are used to describe entities as different as the sun and the moon, but she has been known to relate a second, helping because she was "half as a tick."

Little Rock—the capital, business and financial center, rail and highway port, and only real city—sits on the Arkansas River almost exactly in the middle of the state, just where, as it had been suggested by commentators, the hills meet the flatlands. For a variety of cultural and historical reasons, we moved out on most of the great Sun Belt boom, and Little Rock remains as strongly flavored and as provincial as it is possible for a contemporary American city to be, buoying itself the center of nothing more than the state of Arkansas. And that's a whole lot easier on the mind and spirit. I've been to tell you, then being the temporary hub of whatever metropolitan wheel you choose, whether it's the Free World, Art and Literature, or just Texas. In fact, living here is something like living in the capital of a remote and antipathetic country. Arkansasans are proud and moody, resentful of meddling outsiders, yet hilariously self-critical. Just a little bit, at least, like Irish Catholics. Yet provincialism confers a certain wisdom: most of us know that beyond a point achieved by almost



WHETHER THEY STAY OR LEAVE, HIS CHILDREN HAVE GROWN UP KNOWING WHERE AND WHAT HOME IS

everybody in North America, numbers have nothing at all to do with the sum of human happiness.

In Arkansas, anonymity is not one of your big problems. Not everybody knows everybody else, but it sometimes seems that way. We are not surprised to pick up the morning paper and read a story by someone we know about somebody else we know (Little Rock has an excellent locally owned newspaper, *The Arkansas Gazette*). For one who grew up near New York, the effect is liberating in endless Victorian novel. You can feel like a bit of an insider without having to work at it. The city has roughly four hundred thousand citizens living and around it, and the state about two million, so it isn't exactly village life, but a reasonably precious person who has been here a few years rarely meets someone with whom he hasn't a few acquaintances in common. The group is hermetic.

Little Rock is big enough to have all but the most exotic professions and jobs represented but too small to permit intro-

tion. I commune of intervals with an obstetrician, several tennis pros, schoolteachers, a few varieties of lawyers, nurses, electricians, insurance salesmen, travel agents, a farm-equipment salesman, an architect or two, several housewives, shopkeepers, a couple of husbandly coaches, veterinarians, cops, a taxologist, an economist, public-relations people, quite a few businessmen, at least one egg mogul, contractors, television and radio newsmen, restaurateurs, a judge, politicians—well, you get the picture. I could append thousands of words detailing the formal and known or suspected sexual relationships among the above. Living in Arkansas, as a matter of fact, has spoiled my taste for the engineer-and-sterility, gatekeepers-and-look-alikes version of American culture served up by so many of our novelists. When you have a friend who works off tension by shooting breakers in his driveway while listening to cassette recordings of radio evangelists, you quit thinking categorically and face up your neighbor.

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Because gatherings of any size where
one can be sure of meeting only persons of
one's own tribe and world view are com-
munity tends to take precedence over free-
spokemen among everyone but the most
long-gone scraps of what is now called the
Miami Majority, which has begun to
lose under one name or another about ter-
restrial days without effective a viable dis-
tinction of blue-blooded and Little Rock
yet strike you as in City, but when the state
legislature hits lower from such native
venues as Old Tampa, Fifty-Six, and
Gaines, they tend to carry on like modern
legislature about an ancient at sea.
When they are not passing resolutions in
praise of Christianity, you understand.

Pretty monogram, you only so far. Even
honorifics are shared if they have character
and grit. My favorite example of this hono-
rific was the general election of 1966,
in which Arkansas elected liberal Republican
Wesley Clark for governor, defeated
incumbent Democrat J. William Fulbright
to the Senate at the height of the Vietnam
War, and gave George Wallace its Presi-
dential vote. The only clear pattern that
emerged in that year was seen in his own
case. It also helped that the latter two
were from separate directions going hell
to London. Fulbright, a prisoner
Tolson of the era. We don't have much use
for Tolson here.

I love Little Rock too because the
choices I've had to make are not as dra-
matic as they would be in New York, Wash-
ington, Los Angeles, or Boston. Conflict
causes a lot less; in buying some I have not
had to reserve myself physically and
therefore, unconsciously from people who
have less. My house is on a quiet street of
fifty-year-old two-story houses between
the state capital and the University of
Arkansas Medical Center. It is large and
magnificent, perfect for work at home.
I must write my two essay boys are out of
school. It costs \$263 a month, taxes in-
cluded. For a writer, that means freedom.
My wife can drive to her job in less than
five minutes. I can park my bike to the
public transit cars at the station. There
are two stadiums in the same park, one
where the Arkansas Razorback football team
plays five or six times a year and the other for
the Arkansas Travelers, a Class AA team
club of the St. Louis Cardinals. It has the
grayer kugler, but then neither are the
defect braces and parking problems.

My boys attend public schools—black
majority, incidentally—to which they
walk, as do all the other children in their
classes. Little Rock schools, having had a
longer history of integration than any-
where else in the South, are totally free of
grand all over, but here in the middle of
town, buses are not needed. The boys will
attend the famous Little Rock Central
High School. Whether they stay or leave,
they will grow up knowing where home is
and what it is. Right now they hang out at a

local Boys' Club where two of Little Rock's
and their and my athletic heroes played
around fifteen. Brooks Robinson and Selma
Mancini. Arkansas being Arkansas, they
have something more than an imaginative
relationship with both. My father-in-law
owned Brooks and the families were close
when Mancini played for baseball in Arkan-
sas (they with the Milwaukee Braves now). I
wrote something about him that he liked,
and he has been kind enough to remember
my own names.

I love Little Rock because I can put a
ballbat into the Arkansas River inside the
city limits and enjoy freshwater fishing
that is the equal of any in the United
States, or into any of a dozen beautiful,
forest-ringed lakes within an hour's drive.
I can load up four baggies and go rabbit
hunting with old friends in northwest
and south in the Delta lands, little more
than a half hour away, or drive down to the
west and be so far gone into the hills that
what few settlements one comes across
seem to be a time somewhere in the late
Forties. I even like the climate—no
drought, floods, and maddening heat waves
withstanding. It's not sure I could have
survived here before air conditioning was
more than I'd have been able to stand the
scald drench back in the last old days
when air conditioning was not in use, but I
do like the sense of being in a place where
the balance of nature is tilted toward the
country. The weather means something,
you see. I know they need rain out here
a while but worse than I need to play tennis.

My work takes me away a lot and I just
this busy feeling whenever I've been out
of town for a while and find myself in an
airplane approaching Little Rock. I look
out at the Delta or the Ozarks, depending
upon which direction the flight is coming
from, and remember how strange it all
seemed in 1966, when I first drove out
here from the East to court my wife. Then,
as the plane begins to approach the Little
Rock airport, I am often reminded of those
displaced American cities departed
permanently to the Dick and Jane residents
of any childhood. See, out there to the west
are the hills and woods. A big, wide river
comes crashing down the middle, and near
the tail buildings downtown where Doty
works are the bridges where people cross
the river. Look, there's the railroad and
the airport. You can see downtown, War
Memorial Stadium, the hospitals, and
Central High. The houses are smaller on
the other side of downtown than where
you sit, because that's where the poorer
people live. East from the town to the west
there are lots of farms and the river goes
down the middle to the Mississippi. Every-
thing is just about the right size and you
can see it all in more and wonder about why
things are the way they are. It's not the
center of the world, or even a very impor-
tant place, as places go, but it's the center
of my world, and it feels like home. ☐

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The Brothers

Memories of being buried alive in boys

by Mary Robison



GROWING UP in the Stories in the Midwest, the five brothers and I and, later on, two sisters made up a screwball community, but it was the only community of which I've ever really felt a part. We didn't fit in with Middle America. We were always in trouble. Someone was after us, usually—the school, parents, neighbors, the old man, or, worst of all, one another. We scintized when we became adults. The brothers got gentle, intellectual, nice. The community was over with, though, gone. I—and, I suspect, they—felt a little stranded.

The brothers had a code of behavior that was as tightly developed as the deep South. They had a common language and syntax, a defensible attitude—they were cool, conspicuously cool. You could drop the most stolidly determined adult person into their midst (a future sax-a-Chance scholar I dated; a door-to-door Jesus freak) and watch the transformation. "Mom" would start to read the parent's directives. His sentences would get shorter, more cogent, and tough. "Shoot us a beer, Lea. I'll hear, 'Scuse me a bit on the patio salad.' Or, from the future son girl to me, 'It's hot, man.' And from the asshole who had stepped into the dryer and ended up staying three days, 'I don't, you know,

dig or diving the Book of Revelation."

Donald, Michael, Tommy, Louis. Arthur the brothers. They lauged around the living room, blowing ribs and having laughs. They sat up and listened, pointed electric guitars, pointed the piano, wrote songs to themselves, to their girls, their girls, their summer employment—"Tina's teacher, longer, dry-out hunger."

Donald, from the time he was a little kid, liked looking just right—his. Boy, he looked like.

Michael enjoyed dropping things. He'd drop himself from the roof of the garage—sawing the loose-shin-into configurations. I guess.

Tommy brought parts home—metal parts, mostly like yoke handle of another

kid's wagon, say, or a segment hubcap—just to have them in a vase and then hammer the shape and use out of them.

Louis was an angel in school and an obnoxious son. He was taking, everyone else, putting on an act.

Arthur, a former now, had charge of the pen—a tiny job, for our pets were, too often, mental delinquents.

And the brothers had many friends, as in our house boys were everywhere. They came to spend nights, weekends, whole runaway summers. Junior high school boys wrestled in the basement, or lay on the den floor having colorful bed-sitting contests that got tape-recorded, or begged the phones. They fought nastily on the back yard's neighbor's ball fields,



IT'S HARD TO TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY AS GROWN-UPS.

The author her dog, and her brothers, Lea, Tommy, Michael, Donald, and Arthur in her house.

Night Gems

Luxury doesn't have to stop at day's end. A faultlessly tailored silk robe and pajamas can be a tempting indulgence for those hours spent at home. Such creature comforts seem to be an designers' quipso these days, given the wide selection of elegant nightwear offered this season. Whether in deep jewel tones or soft stone colors, silk is proving to be an almost irresistible nighttime companion. Silken choices with special styling, checkwise from bottom left:

A pleat-front dressing gown and jacket-waist boxer shorts in swirling weight rib broadcloth, both traced with pinstripe piping, by Finky & Dianne. Dressing gown (\$230) and shorts (\$80) at Jerry Magno, Beverly Hills, Tootsie, Hudson's Chatterbox, New York, Barneys, Miami.

Pure silk created in England is infused with a traditional shawl-colored silk with red piping. Underneath, tape outlines striped silk pygamas. Kabe (1958) and pygamas (1280) exclusively at J. Sacks & Co., New York, Paris, London, and San Francisco.

An elegant smoking jacket at one
on lace black stripes in a silk and
satinette (silk), with silk lapels
and self bowing, complements
lacy silk satinette pajamas, both
by Lark. Smoking jacket (\$200)
and pajamas (\$100) at Bonaldi
Goodman, New York; Giorgio's,
Beverly Hills, Calif.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Collector known styling
disrupts a pastel ink
beholder, which is paired with
and colored, drawing, volume,
brushing, Neo-Chinese, Kado (1112)
and pagoda (1112) of J. W. Tolson.
Los Angeles, Land & Taylor, New
York, Gardner, Maine.



by Vincent Boucher

Luxury comes in many forms.

The inspired styling seen here brings new sophistication to cotton robes and loungewear.

Whether in an extra-dense waffle weave, an Oriental-inspired striping, or vibrant prints or solid colors, cotton offers something for every man's taste. Cotton options that deserve special citation, clockwise from bottom left:

A shawl-colored kimono acquires new sophistication as a textured dark cotton waffle-stripe fabric, complemented by shawl-area pants that reverse from solid to striped cotton. The set by Fernando Sanchez. Robe (R1) and pants (P1) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Bloomingdale's, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Houston.

Glut with madras-plaid cotton argosies in knee-length lounge-rye robe by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Cotton robe valued \$750 at the Polo Ralph Lauren Shop, Palm Beach, Florida; Alexander Deane, Richmond, Virginia; Derra Ltd., Key Biscayne, Florida.

A honeycomb-textured weave is fashioned into a classic kimono-style bathrobe in an unusual shade. Robe made by Dorothea. Pure-cotton robe (D1) at Dorothea, New York; Washington, D.C.; Beverly Hills, Philadelphia.

Pale-yellow cotton Mombasa pajamas with a reverse-work long-flamed top and elastic-waist bottoms by Kawasine Pina. Pajamas (P1) at better department stores and men's specialty shops nationwide.

Deep-teal cotton-terryrobe has pajama bottoms and footed bottom. Robe, hand-colored pajama top with long sleeves, both by Henry Cavalli. Elastic-waist pajama bottoms (P1) and pajama top (R1) sold at Saks Fifth Avenue, The May Co., Los Angeles, Macy's, New York; San Francisco; Bloomingdale's, New York.



VICIOUS HEART

WHEN A MAN RUNS FROM THE CENTER OF HIS LIFE, HE'S LOST IN DANGEROUS TERRITORY

by Francisco Goldman

THE HOTEL'S NAME WAS MERELY SIMON'S. Bistro Psychedelico was what the globe-wandering potheads called it, famous among them for its seclusion and good times. The psilocybin mushroom omelet wasn't listed on the menu. You just leaned over to whatever goody hippie girl was waitressing and said, "I'll have the you know. With a lot of tomato and basil mixed in, please." Simon's was the kind of place young travelers in the tropics counted on and believed in.

They thought it up while being bored in school, at jobs, and waiting in line at the bank in Boston, Munich, and Tokyo. It felt like the kind of place their hazy, romantic daydreams caused, as though Simon's had settled into this remote Central American mountain town like a big inside of wishes. You were always hearing the girls asking and sighing ecstatically in various accents off in some part of the garden or up in their rooms. Swollen hammocks hung from the trellises of jacarandas and avocado trees, orange cardo de mara vine covered the walls, high walls like a shower of sparks, and Jani Hrozna soaked wildly, inadvertently over the speakers. So many languages. So much talk and information. Everybody

seemed to have been everywhere.

Jan, from Vermont, was traveling with Brita, a girl who had escaped from East Germany as a stowaway on a freighter bound for the Orient. Uwe was a Bremen schoolteacher who had been fired because parents had complained that he spoke like a mystic. Coca and Simone were rich girls from Paris who had arrived at Simon's on the motorcycles they were driving to Tierra del Fuego. All over the place there were West Germans and Californians dressed up in the native Indian clothing. The guests spent hours in the Bistro. In the garden, at the stone sink doing laundry, talking politics, trading addresses and travel stories. I was not usually attentive. I was most com-



FRANCISCO GOLDMAN has contributed both fiction and essays to *Esquire*. His last short story, "The Public Parade," appeared in June 1991. He lives with his wife in Manhattan, where he is at work on a novel.

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

DON'T DRINK THE WATER

When toxic waste hits home

A METAL sign warned me not to trespass, since this was a toxic waste disposal site. I ignored the sign, figuring you can enter poison the land or go at it, but no law of God or man allows you to do both—not even if you are General Electric. I drove down a rutted road, through a stand of stunted poplars and clumps of tall weeds. The vegetation looked unhealthy, even for this poor, mangled land.

The road ran for half a mile and I took it slowly, careful not to high-center my little sedan. The tracks from Post Eddowes never laid that problem. For twenty years, hundreds came as loaded with oily substances and left empty. Their cargo was dumped into a semi-race-made pond—called a leachate for some reason—because it was allowed to evaporate or seep into the ground or merely sit there as an ugly puddle. Until a few years ago, that was standard disposal of PCBs and other chemical wastes in the Hudson River Valley.

There was no one guarding the dump. I parked at the edge of a vast concrete, hundreds of yards wide, and looked there on my way out. Some waste sat at the low end, thick with some kind of contamination, probably sludge. A few lanky, thin yellow dunes were scattered here and there—empty, one topped. Off at one end of the pit was a bulldozer and a small incinerator. When I turned a large pile of waste rose like a crypt. The tons of chemical wastes that were disposed of here are buried under that mound of clay. Not much of a view—nothing thrilling or repelling. Merely dismal. I left after ten minutes.

On my way out, I happened to look over the houses across the perimeter of the site. They were simple, single-story New York houses. The better ones were clapboard and the poorer ones had aluminum siding. Some had gardens out back, some had decks in the yard. I don't know what they were used to, but they're always looking.

"Hello," he said cheerfully, shutting



down his wedding tux. "What can I do for you?"

"That's the old Campcooking site, isn't it?" I asked, pointing in the direction of a power right-of-way and the scrubby poplars.

"You got it."

"Where they dumped all the chemicals from Post Eddowes?"

"That's right—the PCBs," he said, and I left the quick flash you get when you realize that you have been guilty of poisoning someone.

I asked him if he'd had any trouble from the dump. He smiled. It was one of those country smiles that are lopsided and short—a couple of teeth. I don't know what he took me for exactly, maybe he thought I was the state. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "A lot of people around here have got trouble with the water. They live on an artery in 'Ther' don't seem to know how bad it is, but they're always talking."

"How about you?"

"I don't know. I didn't think so and

today. When I came home from work, I found this and this do my well."

"What does that mean?"

"He shook his head. "I don't know. I guess I'll have to wait for them to tell me." He looked at me and gave me one of those thoughtful, business-along and another go. "There isn't much you can do, is there? I've been drinking that water a long time now."

I looked him over for his time and let him get back to his work. He gave me a polite wave as I pulled out of his drive.

I think his charity was remarkable. Under the circumstances, he should have been forgiven—or under-stated, at least—if he had decided to shoot every stranger who set foot on his property. He had good reason to think that someone had poisoned his well, pure and simple. The PCBs—or whatever was causing the trouble—weren't in the water supply until someone put them there. In the old days, when men were men

and voices were clear and America was great—the days Ronald Reagan grows weary describing—you could shoot a man for poisoning your well. It was practically every day.

Of course, in this case the party chiefly responsible is a giant corporation whose officers are a couple of hundred miles away. The corporation, by chance, once employed as its television pitchman the man who is now our President. "All GE, progress is our most important product," he would say with that trademark sincerity of his. What about GE's Hudson River Valley chemical wastes? Well, GE is in court right now (where else?) claiming... what? Whatever the lawyers think will work.

Meanwhile, on the day I visited the old dump and talked to the man whose well had been flagged, that man was reported in *The New York Times*. Scores of corporate executives have been asked to give up recommendations on how to make our government work better. One agency

they're looking at is the Environmental Protection Agency. Among those doing the looking are representatives of Union Carbide, Dow Chemical, and Monsanto. There's no mention of GE in the story, but you may be sure that the views of its officers will be represented.

The EPA has slowly been assembled by the efforts of its head, Anne Gorsuch, who is in the agency what James Watt is in the Interior Department. There is less money for enforcement under her regime, but that doesn't matter, since she clearly is not interested in enforcing much of anything. Take, for example, her decision to leave the so-called Superfund that's at her disposal for the cleanup of toxic-waste sites. Established by federal legislation in December 1980, the fund will eventually contain \$1.6 billion. 68 percent of it is to be raised through taxes levied on the producers of raw materials that at one time became toxic wastes. The law requires the EPA to identify sites that would qualify for a cleanup to be financed with these funds and to have low-level cleanup projects in the works at any one time. So far the EPA has listed 160 sites. The money is being spent very slowly, and much of it is being spent on feasibility studies, a considerable expense at the end of this fiscal year is likely. A crisis might require that the feasibility studies are a way of taking care of contractors with political money. A realist would say that it is a way of stalling if you do not care much about the environment or are not sure of the political pressure. Gorsuch and, presumably, the corporate bigwigs who are setting up the recommendations are more interested in getting the EPA off industry's back. Their own concern, it seems to me, is that something be done about the botched environmentalists in the agency who, if they have their way, would make it impossible to poison a man's well and get away with it.

PCBs ARE, of course, old news. When I told a friend that I was going to look at the dump site, he said, "Oh, yeah. But they got all that cleaned up, you know." He was wrong, but what he said illustrates an important point about toxic wastes and other environmental problems: they last a lot longer than public interest in them or the coverage of them. In the public's mind, a polluted cleanup becomes an accomplished cleanup.

Take the other Hudson River. GE built capacitors for years at Post Eddowes. PCBs were used in everything natural because they were stable and didn't evaporate or leach. GE routinely leaked PCBs and other pollutants into the lake. The capacitors or poured them straight into the river by the hundreds of tons.

Not until 1975 were the dangers of such chemical wastes widely recognized and publicized. That teaches extraordinary at first. What kind of bath does it take to

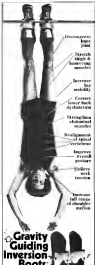
believe that you could put those amounts of any chemical into a river at no cost to the every generation past, present, and future. In the Forties and Fifties, when the PCBs were being used in the Hudson, industry was a kind of natural system and to question chemicals would have been a mild form of heresy. In the Sixties and Seventies, my generation would show the same blind not coaching faith in the efficacy and harmlessness of other chemicals.

A time of reckoning came. Tests showed that PCBs, which are persistent and accumulated in the food chain, cause tumors, liver problems, and other disorders and may cause birth defects. PCBs were banned outright in 1976, but GE didn't stop putting them into the Hudson until 1977. By then the stream's upper reaches were already contaminated and PCBs were being slowly dispersed along the length of the watershed, all the way to New York harbor.

A few weeks after I talked to the man whose well had been flagged, tests showed that the sediment in the old garbage site was not contaminated by PCBs. That was the good news. The bad news was that three other dangerous chemicals were present in the groundwater. GE admitted dumping two of them directly into the Hudson, and there was reason to believe that they were leaching into the water table. More frightening is the possibility that the third contaminant is the result of ongoing chemical reactions taking place underground—a second-generation contaminant.

Meanwhile, the original monster lives on. The Hudson is still poisoned. So far a committee has been formed, studies have been conducted, recommendations have been made. The task for finding the monster—and then making sure that the monster stays put—was picked up by GE and New York State. It amounted to \$7 million. The best plan anyone could come up with for cleaning and the river was to dredge forty "hot spots" where the contamination was especially bad and then encapsulate the spoils in a local area. Cost in 1976: \$20 million. It still has not been done. My guess is that that won't be. The projected cost is now up to \$40 million, but even that is a loose change in a budget the size of United States' or the state's or GE's. And that may be generous. The problem cleanup projects don't generally attract large contributions. Cleaning up the Hudson would be tedious and uninteresting. The cleaning of the oil of your car—it's much more fun to see a car in a new coat or an adolescent people that likes to buy things impulsively, use them up quickly, and discard them casually or well known. But I wonder how long we can afford to sit around while people poison our wells and our atmosphere.

GEOFFREY NORMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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BY TAKI

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN

Elegantie is making a made comeback

THE OTHER day I left the Magazine office and took the Madison Avenue bus uptown. It was fairly crowded, and after a woman with a heavy package got on, I offered her my seat. "Oh, thank you," she said, "but you don't have to do that." When I returned downstairs about being told of sitting, she smiled in an embarrassed way and sat down. She was not the only one to feel ill at ease. I looked around and thought I saw other men looking embarrassed. As they should have.

Now before anyone begins to mumble about chivalrous males trying to dominate women through protection, let us get one thing straight: I am as selfish as the next person, but I cannot easily remain seated while a woman in a particularly when the women in hiding heavy packages. I also happen to believe that what our parents called good manners is an essential in food and should prevail among all humans.

Perhaps I sound stuffy, but I am nostalgic for the good old days when manners were exquisite. Manners are just as important to me as morals. Manners have little to do with a man's other attributes—birth, race, education—but, rather, involve his inner qualities of character and behavior.

However, in the last twenty years we have lived through a period that had all the dignity, a race riot and the seriousness of a few briefs. Manners and etiquette died when the Scotch generation decided that self-interest was more important than humaneness. Under the guise of protest for a better world, rudeness became de rigueur, and boorishness a virtue. It was up to be disrespectful, to act primitive, and to be "in" to be coarse. Which isn't to say that the survivors of the Sixties didn't have important things to say. It's just that others who had nothing to say at all exhaled their leaders' selfishness and their confrontational manners because it seemed as expedient as any to get what they wanted for themselves.

But apparently these days are over. Slobs are now recognized as slobs, and



people are starting to acknowledge the importance of courteous manners. As far as I am concerned, it isn't a moment too soon. Although I am an *Americanophile* and appreciate the friendliness of the people, *Americana* will need to learn better manners. I doubt societies in which everyone calls everyone else by his or her first name. I'm reminded of those comrade types who shoot people in dark corridors.

To distinguish between friendliness and courtesy is not easy. It was a problem back in the days when *Alvin de Trecaville* wondered how to educate a democracy in aristocratic manners. America was a tightly disciplined society back then, but after two world wars authority became discredited. Books and movies contributed. Public figures were more often than not portrayed as being full of hubbub and conceit, if not as downright evil. When the politicians realized that the common man wanted a common man as a leader, they turned folksy overnight! (Dwight D. Eisenhower being the most conspicuous example, followed by the Kennedys).

And so *Americana*, despite these occasional manners, have indeed begun to embrace manners. But being so kind of courteous, *Americana* haven't yet embraced manners, they're trying to bag them so death. Is this really a return to manners, or is it just typical *Americana* overkill? I've

recently noticed a plethora of best-selling books on manners that define social norms. Worse, there are franchises all over the nation that conduct classes on etiquette in schools, hotels, and corporations. Even *Charlie*, the daughter of Henry Ford II, has written a book on modern manners that deals with such social circumstances as how to be polite to answering machines, how to write a successful couple for the weekend, and how to deal with marijuana-smoking teenagers, as well as their parents.

Now I don't want to insult the world's comedians, but aren't civilized manners almost—and I may stretch—as dead as no manners at all? What I really think is happening is that a very basic and once

accepted behavior is being interpreted as Americanism. After having said the words of junk food, junk television programs, and junk books, the powers that sell such things are now selling junk manners. If such is to be taught by school with *Let's Learn* old boys at the office, one does not need to learn manners—one needs simply to learn to use one's brain. Most manners can be figured out. If one wants to eat like, say, Bill Buckley, the paragon of good manners, just watch him eat once, everything anyone needs to know about table manners can be learned at his table. If one wants to dress like a poet, all one has to do is copy Tom Wolfe, the quintessential southern gentleman. One does not have to pay some charlatan to teach him or her anything.

The danger of learning these junk manners is that once we all have the same type of manners, we will disagree so strongly of those who don't act like us that we will become ingenuitously. Personally, I adhere to what George Bernard Shaw called the perfection of usual good manners, which is putting other people before yourself without even thinking about it. Having good manners is like being a good actor. Bad actors always try terribly hard to act, and it shows. Good actors make it seem effortless. It is in the same with manners.

THAT MAN OF COURAGE AND COURTESY is a London-based correspondent and author.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN TAYLOR

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Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Ave. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan '81.
19 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



22 million dollars' worth of ballplayers listen to me.
I listen to E.F. Hutton.

When EF Hutton talks, people listen.